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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN
Illustrated Journal of
Sporadic and Sensational Events

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A COUPLE OF YOUNG LADIES POSSESSED OF A LOVE OF ART, EXHIBIT SOME FINE WARE, PURCHASED DURING THEIR TRIP ON THE CONTINENT, TO THEIR PASTOR, AND SHOCK THE CLERICAL MISS NANCY ALMOST OUT OF HIS BOOTS; NEW YORK CITY SEE PAGE 2.



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X. Y. Z., Buffalo.—See answer to "T. S." Go to your chief of police. He is an efficient officer, and will put things to rights, if there is any need of it. By the way, we think you a fraud. You seem afraid of your own name.

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H. B. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass.—If the specimens sent are good specimens of your style, you won't do. You should devote at least three or four years to drawing before you venture as a professional.

B. H., Galveston, Tex.—If anything of general interest to the people of your city occurs, you can sketch it and send it to us. Shooting matches and matter of that sort, no good. Must be something novel.

L. O., Portsmouth, O.—That is our own affair. We will not under any circumstances make use of such subjects. You must be a rabid partizan. Can't you get satisfied with billingsgate by reading the daily and weekly political sheets? Go to—we like you not.

N. J., Springfield, Ill.—Not being acquainted with the excise laws of your state, we are unable to give you the information you desire. Consult with some one who is engaged in your business. Surely, they cannot all be as ignorant as yourself.

P. S., Troy, N. Y.—In sending portraits you should always send some account of the original. The mere name is worthless. Your MS. declined. Would have been accepted if you had prepared it for publication. The next time you write a communication, use only one side of the sheet.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

When rogues quarrel, look out for revelations. As a general thing, these miscreants go in pairs, and work in a tacit partnership. With but few exceptions one member of the firm possesses a greater aptitude for fraud than the other, and consequently dips deeper into it. He rules his less talented companion by force of superior intellect, and the latter eventually rules him by his power to reveal things, which, but for the laws regarding state's evidence, would put them both under the rule of a prison warden.

A trial has been in progress in the city of Brooklyn during the past week which reveals some things in connection with a firm of reformers in that city who have been for a long time a terror to liquor dealers. Their *modus operandi* has been the "spy system," which, by the by, should condemn every man or woman in public estimation who attempts reform on this principle. If the devil is worth fighting at all, let it be done openly. He can never be conquered by sneaks.

It seems that this precious firm have believed that more could be accomplished under cover than in the open field. Like all who start out on a false principle, both have come to grief. Secrecy has been their curse.

Mr. Oliver Cotter is alleged to have been the leading spirit in this partnership. Mr. William Jacobs played second part to his associate, and according to his own testimony was well fitted for his role. He admitted that he had been arrested twice on a charge of blackmailing. He further testified that Mr. Cotter was in the habit of making out a list of liquor dealers, whom he was delegated to visit. He collected money from them on condition that they would be exempt from further efforts at reform.

There must be some awful queer doings behind all this, to cause a man to seek revenge at the expense of his own disgrace.

When called to the stand in his own behalf, Mr. Cotter was shown some papers on which were kept the alleged blackmailing accounts, and asked to explain them. In order to collect himself, although students of human nature might look at it differently, he indulged in a burst of temper, and denounced four members of the Christian Temperance Brotherhood as conspirators.

This may be truth; but it was not relevant. On being reminded to this effect, Mr. Cotter admitted that he could not explain just then, but would do so in a week's time.

Very suspicious, to say the least. To use a truism, "where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire."

It is a well-known fact that the liquor traffic has been a very prolific source of blackmailing operations for a number of years. Shylockian reformers, under the mask of religion, at periodical intervals have waged war against what they call the "Demon Rum."

Nine cases out of ten they have proved a greater curse to temperance than all the liquor extant.

They flourish for a season, and then reveal themselves in their true colors. In doing so they bring disrepute on the temperance cause and add to its enemies.

If the allegations made by Jacobs are true, the liquor dealers who have been parties to these operations should have cause for shame. They knew that such proceedings were illegal, and yet submitted to them. If they had nipped this business at the start, they would have been masters of the situation. It is this unexplainable timidity which places the trade at the mercy of temperance frauds.

Every liquor dealer who holds a license should have the courage to protect his rights. He should understand them fully, and the man who interferes should be kicked into the street, or what is better, turned over to the law.

The exercise of either of these remedies would soon put a stop to blackmailing.

Literary Notes.

Within the past years the theatre has advanced rapidly in public estimation. A more liberal idea of its true status as a conservator of public morals as well as amusement is now entertained. A few years ago those who looked upon the drama as one of the devil's strongest weapons were in the majority. The progressive and liberalizing spirit of the age has dwindled that majority to an insignificant minority. Occasionally some monkey-brained fanatic indulges in a tirade against the theatre and all connected with it. His ideas, however, are valueless, and are looked upon as the vapors of an idiot, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Appreciating the great interest which all feel in the stage, the publisher of the GAZETTE has issued a work entitled "Footlight Favorites," containing representative artists of Europe and America, whose careers have added lustre to the drama and done much to bring about the present popularity which it enjoys. This work has been compiled by a well-known journalist, and the selection of portraits which it contains has been made with the view to suit all tastes. The text is a faithful reflex of the lives of each of the artists from the date of their debut down to the present. Among the most notable of the collection are Adelaide Neilson, in her great

character of "Juliet," Sara Bernhardt as "Hernani," M'le Bonfanti, and several others, all famous in their special lines.

To all who desire to learn of the lives of the famous actresses who have contributed so much to the happiness of the world this book will especially commend itself. It is the most complete work of its kind yet published, and we cheerfully commend it to our readers, satisfied that they will find it to be a source of great pleasure.

PRUDERY VS. ART.

How a Parson Revealed the True State of His Mind—Hypocrisy Unmasked.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The motto of the Knights of the Star and Garter has passed into a proverb. *Honi soit qui malice pense* expresses a thought which appeals at once to all refined minds, and it defines clearly the difference between people who misconstrue that which is intended to elevate, into that which is degrading. There are works of art, purely so, that delight the mind and eye, and inculcate feelings which have an ennobling effect. A love for the beautiful is an evidence of intellect and refinement. Unfortunately, there is too much prudery extant in America, to advance very rapidly in art. A picture which represents a figure "as natural as life," is looked upon by many as obscene. The artist who makes a specialty of this branch of art is regarded as a man of debased tastes. Consequently, artists are shy of public opinion, and direct their talents to subjects which their abilities do not qualify them to handle rightly.

An instance which illustrates this prudishness regarding art, occurred recently in this city. A couple of wealthy young ladies had been traveling through Europe, and in their tour visited Rome. Both were lovers of art. They admired the works of the great masters, so plentiful in that city, with the purest thoughts. They were possessed of too much of the true art instinct to do otherwise.

Among the bric-a-brac which they collected as reminiscences of their trip were some rare specimens of household ware, ornamented with figures of Cupid, Venus and Adonis, mythological gods and goddesses, etc. Shortly after their return they were visited by a number of friends, among whom was the pastor of the church where they attended. They felt no reserve in exhibiting their treasures to their friends, all of whom, with the exception of the parson, were delighted with the specimens. The latter, when shown the plates and vases, was horrified. He gently remonstrated with them on the evil effects the journey had had on their minds, and exhorted them to put their treasures away, and eradicate from their minds all love for such works. They were inspired by the devil.

Both indignantly disclaimed any impurity of mind. They could not understand his view of the matter.

To the pure all things are pure. To the impure all things are impure.

That parson has lost two members of his flock. The young ladies think that he is not what he pretends. They believe that his professed piety masks a depraved mind.

DUELING IN FLORIDA.

How the Sanguinary Citizens of That State Settled Their Disagreements.

The bowie-knife was a favorite weapon with the Floridians. Only "dead game" men could stand before this terrible weapon. The usual method of fighting with knives was to clasp the left hands of the combatants together and put very keen, broad knives in their hands; the seconds then stood within reach of the men, to interfere with a pistol ball if either combatant violated the rules of the fight. There were many affairs with bowie-knives in the ante-bellum days of Florida. One of the most noted was a meeting between Major Jim Jones and Colonel Grinard, a Frenchman. The bowie in this case seems to have been a compromise between the sword of the Frenchman and the pistol of the Floridian. This duel was fought in 1852. It was very bloody, both men being gashed fearfully, and Jones was finally cut into slices across his breast and killed outright. It is said that this duel was remarkable for having been fought in utter silence. Though the knives slipped in and out of the bodies of each man neither said a word. With their lips clenched and their teeth set like a vise they fought in silence. Not a sound came from the mouth of either, and when at last Jones fell in death Grinard turned, and, wiping the blood from his face, spoke for the first time addressing his second.

A Criminal Career Cut Short.

[With Portrait.]

George Havell, of whom a portrait is given on another page, came to grief in Providence, R. I., recently, while attempting to pass forged checks. It is believed that he was a tool of the notorious Brockway. Havell is a young man, and his first experience in crime will probably learn him a lesson that he will bitterly remember.

A telegram from Milwaukee says George Young, wanted at Athens, near Titusville, to answer for the crimes of seduction and bigamy, and who was arrested by detectives of that city on Tuesday, has been taken to Meadville. The most intense enmity is reported to exist against Young on the part of the people of Athens, his victim, Miss Jennie Bell, having died solely of grief which the betrayal of her trust in him caused.

A NORTH Carolina man planned to frighten his wife by a sham attempt at suicide. He was to very gently hang himself, and a friend was to cut him down; but the friend was not prompt enough, and the plotter was choked to death.

SEASONING.

A TEXAS dog was born without a tail, and he will sit down right beside an old kettle.

"Oh, George," she cried, "I feel so queer,"
"Why, what's the matter, Ellen?"
"I don't know; but—oh, dear, dear!"
"I fear it's watermelon!"

THE man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.

A JERSEYMAN who was shown a photograph of the moon, wanted to know whether it was a picture of a buckwheat cake, or a corpuscle in a murder case.

It is difficult to conceive how a woman can put up her back hair, rock the cradle with one foot, look into the mirror, and lecture her husband with her mouth full of hair-pins, all at the same time.

"CAN you then love another?" is the question now being asked by Bernstein's orchestra at Saratoga, and there is hardly a girl in the audience who doesn't sweetly reply, "How much money has he got?"

"I THINK I'll cut across the fields," said a city belle, who was visiting her country cousins—"the weather permitting," she added, as she observed a demonstrative sheep of the masculine persuasions.

CONVERSATION between two Boston girls:—"Ah, Miss Jones, who, may I ask, is that atomic formation dancing and coexistent with the mass of particles in a dress coat, opposite?" "That etherialized essence of proto-plastic adumbration? Oh, she's a Miss Smith."

A BOY at Winamac, Ind., put a revolver into his hip pocket before being spanked, and the old man danced about and waved the stumps of two fingers and bellowed, while the boy howled for six rags to tie up the places where the bullet dug furrows in the back of his leg.

A MONMOUTH correspondent wants to know—"Can a woman ride a bicycle?" Can she? Son, you ask questions like a man who is not married. When you learn of anything a woman can't do when she makes up her mind that she will do it, let us know. How old, or rather how young are you?"

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot that they could never undo with their teeth. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourself," said the dominie. It was subsequently settled with a broomstick.

"Oh, look at that donkey! he's been destroying that hill of corn!" exclaimed Mrs. Suburban, in dismay. "Confound him!" said her husband, flinging a stick at the animal; "he's a cornsummit ass!" The scream that Mrs. S. uttered before going off in a faint, frightened the beast more than her husband's stick.

A correspondent wishes to know our opinion of "Touch the Harp Gently." It is first-class. Any song calculated to make people touch a harp gently ought to be encouraged. Of course, one that would induce them to leave it alone entirely would be preferable; but, as Benjamin Franklin said, a move in the right direction beats standing still.

A RIOUS man while walking across the meadow lot stepped into a bumble-bee's nest, and the honest insects immediately swarmed up his trousers leg and began to improve the shining hour. The good man in great perturbation roared out something about the "Damn bee," when, seeing a neighbor regarding him earnestly, he added: "He who first cries hold, enough!"

THIS is how a piously pretentious Hornellsville deacon enjoyed the circus:

"The circus came, and the deacon went
To show the children the great big tent,
And the steam piano and coach of gold,
And the gorgeous lion tamer bold.
The children looked with mute surprise
On the beast; but the deacon's eyes
Fell mostly on the damsel fair
Who flew in spangled tights through air.
Deacons are good men, no doubt,
But the circus season draws them out."

"PHAREST PHLORE," wrote an amorous youth, smitten with the phonetic craze, "phorever dismiss your phears and phly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends—phantly—phather—phorget them and think only of the phelicity of the phuture. Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so pherian not phondness if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic, and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair Phlora's reply.

THE pupils had got as far as the word "hypocrite." None of the children could explain what it meant. One guessed that it meant "big feeling," and another thought that a "hypocrite" was a "big animal that wallers in the mud." So the teacher explained: "A hypocrite, children, is a person who pretends to be what he is not; such as one may be pleasant to your face, but speaks ill behind your back." "Plesse, marm," cried a little boy eagerly raising his hand, "then my pa ain't a hypocrite, 'cause he said you was a confounded old maid, and he'd just a lives tell yer so to yer face!"

A YOUNG lady who went to a large dry-goods store to buy some corsets, expecting to get them for a certain price, was told by one of the salesladies, that those popular articles of female apparel had advanced in price, ten per cent for the cheaper kinds, and twenty-five per cent for the better varieties.

"What is the reason of the rise?" asked the fair girl, much disconcerted.

"Oh, there is a boom in the corsets," replied the saleslady.

"Corsets are queer kinds of things to boom."

"Not at all. Nothing could be more natural. Ladies have grown so fat during this summer's trips that the majority have to buy new corsets, and the demand is greater than the supply."

LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

The costs were \$600 in a suit over a hog to two farmers of Moniteau county, Mo.

BANGED or frizzed hair is forbidden among the women of Bishop Elder's congregation of Cincinnati.

In a Hungarian shanty in Fayette county, Pa., a birth, a death and a marriage occurred all at the same time.

REBECCA ROTHSCHILD, a young Jewess of Indianapolis, sues Thomas M. Dickinson, a wealthy Christian for \$20,000 damages for breach of promise.

For forty-eight days a Lowhill, Pa., hen was in a grain stack, where she had been accidentally covered up. When released she toppled over in a fit, but soon recovered.

AFTER traveling one hundred miles through the woods and crossing several streams, a cat that had made the journey in a box escaped and found its way home in British Columbia.

Dogs chased the murderer of their master, at Navasota, Texas, but only held him fast when they caught him. The human pursuers were less merciful, for they hanged him to a tree.

A DEADWOOD miner played baseball with a can of nitre-glycerine just to show his companions that he wasn't afraid of the stuff. The only trace left of him was a hole in the ground.

"How can I ever repay you?" said Miss Stevens of Seven Mile, Ohio, to Mr. Benson, who had lately saved her life from drowning. "By marrying me," he promptly replied. She consented.

Two old smokers, while traveling in a buggy from Wingham to Belgrave, Ont., set the vehicle on fire, and the horse running away, what the fire left the animal split into kindling wood.

L. O. KIMSEY, of Dallas, Texas, while walking through some brush was attacked by an eagle. He killed it with an ax he had with him. It measured six and a half feet from tip to tip of its wings.

A GEORGIA widow, while driving a load of hay, was insulted by a tramp concerning her bonnet. She jumped from the load and gave the fellow a sound thrashing, and in less than a week had three offers of marriage.

A YOUNG wife remonstrating with her husband on his dissipated habits, was answered: "I am like the prodigal son, my dear; I will reform by and by." "I will be like him, too," she said, "I will arise and go to my father."

A COUPLE of lovers went together from Ripon, Wis., to Fond du Lac, and telegraphed back to the girl's parents: "May we get married? Please wire consent immediately, as ceremony will be performed this evening anyhow."

MR. STOTESBURY is an old man, and Mr. Belrose is a young one; but when Mr. Belrose undertook to publicly cowhide Mr. Stotesbury, in Philadelphia, Mr. Stotesbury threw Mr. Belrose down and pounded him until he cried "Enough!"

HENRY HERBERT CRANE lived childless at Grafton, Ohio, until he was 65. Then his young wife gave birth to twins. The joyful father hired a band of music and marched through the village bearing a banner on which was inscribed the word "Victory!"

A WOMAN rushed into the Pawtucket (R. I.) Free Library a few days ago and earnestly requested the librarian to select for her an interesting novel, as her husband was not expected to live until morning, and she wanted something entertaining to occupy her mind.

A two-story well is one of the curiosities of Erin, N. Y. The two parts are one above the other and separated by ten or twelve feet of hard-pan. Water can be pumped from either well, and the lower one pumped dry while the upper one retains an inexhaustible supply.

AN Antwerp, Mich., paid a lawyer \$1 for advice as to how to eject his sister-in-law from his house without laying his hands on her. He was told to drag her out while sitting in her chair. That \$1 worth of advice cost him a conviction for assault and battery and a snug fine.

WHILE making a call at a neighbor's, a young lady of Madison, Ohio, said to a cat that came into the room, "Why, pussy, I haven't seen your babies yet; are they pretty?" The cat immediately went out, and returned with a kitten in her mouth, which she laid at the feet of her questioner.

AN impassable snow drift was met by a party of travelers recently on the road from Jamison City to Gibsonville, Cal. After shovelling five hours to break a roadway for the horses, they abandoned the route, and their wagon was lowered with ropes over the perpendicular rocks into a valley below.

WHILE John Eiler of Alden, Iowa, was riding horseback he saw descending from the sky a ball of fire apparently about the size of a flour barrel. He was paralyzed with fright, and saw the globe strike the head of the animal he rode, when he became unconscious. Upon coming to his senses he found that the horse was dead, the head of the animal being seared as if by a red-hot iron.

MR. and Mrs. Ames of San Francisco, Cal., agreed that they were unsuited to each other, and that a separation was desirable, but how to obtain a divorce was puzzling, because neither had a grievance that would stand the test of the law. Their conclusion was that the husband should give the wife some ground for complaint by whipping her; so he amiably knocked her down, and she got the divorce.

WHILE Edward Buckley and Lee Hall were watering their horses in Syracuse Creek, near Brackett, Texas, a roaring was heard, and a great volume of water was seen rushing toward them, crushing down trees and everything in front of it. They barely reached a hill, when, on looking back, a river

forty feet broad was sweeping past, where only a few moments before their horses had been drinking.

At the Holiness camp-meeting near Kappo, Woodford county, Ill., the other day, a woman addressed the throng, says the local scribe, in a very spasmodic and watery manner. She informed her deeply interested audience that she neither banded her hair nor the stove covers; that she didn't sing "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," nor use paint on her face; and she kept insisting with many gestures and much vehemence that the immediate presence of the Lord was there, until the holiness people sat down on her.

A COLCHESTER (Ct.) woman was awakened at night by her cat, which had forced itself into her room and was trying lustily. She got up, turned the animal out, and laid down and slept; but soon the cries of the cat were worse than ever. Her son, who was in an adjoining room, opened the door to turn the cat out, when flames burst in upon him. He closed the door and screamed to his mother to escape. She and her four children had barely time to jump out of the second story windows in their night clothes before the whole upper story of the large farm-house was in flames.

A DISCUSSION has arisen in France as to the costume worn by Charlotte Corday when she stabbed the Marat, and some modern ladies have pronounced her conduct shocking—not in committing a murder, but in killing a man in his bath. Modern modesty need not be shocked. In the latter days of the old French monarchy ladies frequently received visitors while enjoying a bath. They wore bathing-gowns of the finest lawn, trimmed with Valenciennes; and the water in the bath was made opaque by the addition of a bottle of essence or of a jug of milk. But for the name of the thing, they were more decently clad in the bath than in the ball-room.

A MRS. MARY HALL, who is staying at the Busby house in Cincinnati, complained, the other day, to the police, of the singular conduct of John Croin and David Evans, who have a room in the hotel, adjoining her's. She says that last Sunday night, between 11 and 12 o'clock she woke up and found Croin in bed with her. He endeavored to accomplish a base purpose, but her screams scared him away. Not wishing to give publicity to the matter, she said nothing about it. Mrs. Hall says that, Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock, she woke up to find Evans in bed with her. Refusing to be quieted, Evans left. Both men were arrested, and are now in jail.

THE wife of Antone Weber of Pittsburgh, Pa., eight years ago mysteriously disappeared. Every effort to find her failed, and she was given up for dead. Since that time the husband has lived alone. On Monday last the Deputy Mayor of Pittsburgh was recognized by a woman at the Poor Farm, who soon convinced him that she was the missing wife of Weber, and begged to be taken to her home and husband. The records show that she was picked up in the streets about eight years ago. She could not then remember her name nor where she lived. Her mind for a long time was under a cloud, but she is now entirely sane, has been taken home, and lives happily with her husband.

A SEWING machine agent in driving through Monroe county, Ky., drew up before a cottage and asked a beardless sixteen-year-old boy standing in the yard if his mother was at home. "She is; but she don't live here," he answered. "I'm the head of this house." Finding the boy married, the agent went inside and encountered a child, who said she was the boy's wife, and that when she was married she was not eleven years old. "What on earth did you two marry for?" asked the agent. "What do other folks marry for?" the child replied. He said that he intended to buy a machine for his wife when she got old enough to sew. "Come around in three or four years," he said, "and I'll take one."

It is very well known that the "private detective" in New York finds playing the spy his most profitable occupation. Many a man has been known to be mean enough to employ these creatures to dog the steps of his wife or to keep watch on his house, while some women degrade themselves by hiring them to follow their husbands. The detectives do business as spies on their own account as well, and if they can manage to make any discovery by which the reputation or domestic peace of a man or woman of means might be affected, they blackmail their victim under a threat of exposure. Two years ago a respectable young man was assistant cashier in a city bank. He had a little money of his own and foolishly frequented a gambling-house. A private detective discovered this fact, and demanded money of him as the price of keeping the secret. The young man who had never then misappropriated a dollar, yielded. He abandoned play, but the demands of the detective grew so exorbitant that his victim was at last driven to take money from the bank to meet them. The defalcation was discovered, and, although it was concealed for the sake of his family, the young man went abroad and died soon after the exposure.

A WINE-INSPIRED WAGER.

A Female Who Was Not Allowed to Exhibit Her Terpsichorean Abilities.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A lively scene was acted in a private box of one of the leading variety theatres of this city one night during the past week. A convivial party—made so by too much tipping—were present to witness the performance. It was a little too tame to suit them, so they resolved to get up a show of their own. One of the males wagered that his female companion dare not execute the "Highland Fling" across the stage to the box opposite. She accepted, and stood up give her companions a specimen of her style. Attention of the audience was attracted. So was that of a police man, and he nipped the proposed feat by bounding the lot from the place.

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

ALLEN C. NICHOLS, of Bedford, Ind., is slowly dying from the effects of a spider bite.

BENJAMIN F. TUBBS, a druggist of Kingston, Pa., went hunting plover, and accidentally shot his companion, John Butler. Tubbs became so affected by the terrible accident that he attempted suicide, and is now a raving maniac. Butler died from his wounds.

A BOY of seven years, while playing at hanging in his father's barn near Bloomington, Ill., was hung in earnest. He put a strap around his neck and fastened it to a round of a ladder on which he stood. It is supposed he fell from the ladder. When found he was quite dead.

At North Amherst, during a terrific storm, two brothers named Dallafeld were struck by lightning and instantly killed, falling side by side. They were struck on their heads, and their hats were literally torn to pieces. A man standing within four feet of the two was uninjured.

H. C. LANCTON, a private detective at Michigan City, Ind., got an idea that he ran the town, and shot a hard-working man in the leg for not halting when he told him to do so. Popular excitement soon rose to such a pitch that Lancton, who had been arrested, was conveyed to La Porte for safe keeping.

AFTER a storm at Carthage, Mo., a little boy named Baldwin, eight years of age, was discovered hanging from a tree, head downward, dead. He had been struck by lightning. The only evidence of the stroke was a slight singeing of his hair. The tree was not hit, but a pitchfork at its root was shattered.

A SHORT time ago a woman was found on the Kewaunee road, a short space from the Half-Mile house, Wis., under suspicious circumstances. It seems that the woman had been attacked by a ram on the road and knocked down, being actually butted to death. The deceased was an old woman and the ram completely overpowered her.

JACOB COLE, one of the county commissioners of Wayneburg, Pa., made a very narrow escape a few nights ago. He was away on business and got home sooner than expected. It was in the night, and his son mistaking him for a robber, fired at him, the ball taking effect in his face. The ball has been extracted and it is thought Mr. Cole will recover.

MISS ETTA STUDEBAKER, of South Bend, Ind., was walking in the yard, the other evening, when the family watchdog, a large and ugly animal, pitched at her in a furious manner, and she turned to run for the house, closely pursued by the dog. In her flight she stumbled and fell, striking her head with great force on the corner of a stone step.

THE clothing of a workman was caught between cogwheels in a mill at Davenport, Iowa, and he was being slowly drawn in, when two comrades grasped his arms, and a desperate "tug of war" ensued. The wheels would not let go, and the men braced and pulled with all their might. The workman was finally rescued, but without a particle of clothing about him.

MRS. LUELLA SCHUBERT, a married woman living in Wheeling, Va., attempted to kill herself recently by shooting herself with a revolver. She fired three balls into her body before she could be disarmed. None of the wounds have proved fatal as yet, although they are all serious. Domestic difficulties were the cause of the attempt. Her husband has just sued for a divorce.

AN accident at the Consolidated Mine near Virginia City, Nev., on the 19th, resulted in the death of nine men, and one other being dangerously hurt. As the 3 o'clock shift was coming off, and a cage with ten men on it started to the surface, the cable broke, precipitating them down the shaft some 300 feet, and 1,400 feet of rope pulled upon them. Three men have been taken out, two of whom are dead and the other not expected to live.

A LITTLE three-year-old son of Mr. Foyle, station agent at Edgartown, Pipestone county, Minn., by some means got hold of a loaded revolver unnoticed, and said: "Pa I'm going to shoot." Mr. Foyle paid no attention to the child, and the little fellow again told him he was going to shoot. Just at that moment Mr. Foyle reached up for a book he wanted, when a bullet went crashing through his arm from the pistol in the hands of his boy.

LOUISA JACKSON, a seamstress at Circleville, O., went to visit a sister near Ashville, on the Scioto Valley railroad. After getting off the train she walked down the track and was run over by a backing freight train. Her head, an arm, and one foot was cut off. All the efforts of train men and others who saw her danger failed to attract her attention, and, being deaf, she did not hear the train. She was the only support of an aged mother, who is completely broken down by the shock.

LAST Thursday evening James Kennedy, a young man of wealthy parents, came from Plainfield to Elizabeth, N. J., on a collecting tour. Having finished his business, and being in haste to get home, he attempted a jump on a coal train, made a misstep and was thrown under the train. Ninety cars passed over his body, grinding it into fragments, which were collected and placed in a box. A newsboy who knew Kennedy and saw him jump identified the mutilated remains, which bore no resemblance to a human body.

ALEXANDER McMILLAN, a master-mechanic in the employ of the Ohio and Chesapeake railroad, met with a fearful and sudden death, at Catlettsburg, Ky. He was at work on the trestling for a bridge now being erected across Catlett's Creek. In stepping over a timber, he trod on the end of a plank, which tilted with him, and he fell a distance of thirty-six feet. Several ribs were broken and he was otherwise internally injured. He survived only about one hour.

Mr. McMillan, for a number of years, was engaged in steamboating and was well known.

WHILE a party were watching a storm at night from the front room of a brewery in Tombstone, Arizona, suddenly the apartment was filled with a dazzling light, and an explosion like that of a ton of giant powder followed. The whole party were lifted several feet from the floor, and thrown into a confused mass. When one of the party regained consciousness he found the ceiling in flames, and the contents of the bar in woful confusion, the doors wrenched from their hinges, and the weather boarding of the house torn into ribbons. Nobody was seriously hurt.

THREE deaths from diphtheria have recently occurred in the family of Baldwin Gordon, living on the beach opposite Patchogue, Long Island, under remarkable circumstances. Some time ago a cat was brought from the mainland, where it had been owned by a family, several members of which were suffering from the disease. While playing with the cat, a little child of Mr. Gordon's was bitten in one of its fingers. The bite caused intense pain, and was soon followed by a soreness of the throat, which a physician pronounced to be diphtheria. Others of the family were taken with the disease, and two of the children and the mother died. The doctors believe that the cat was suffering from the disease, and that it was communicated.

A DAY or two ago Theodore Boss of Newton, N. J., aged nineteen years, while out gunning, dropped his gun, and the weapon striking on a stone, both barrels exploded, the charge entering the lad's side and inflicting a wound from which he shortly afterwards died. The boy's parents were notified of the accident, and while driving rapidly, on the way to visit the dying boy, their carriage struck a large stone and overturned, precipitating the occupants to the ground. The gentleman sustained several severe cuts and bruises and the lady's arm was so badly broken that she will not be able to leave her bed for several weeks. The carriage frightened the horse when it overturned, and the animal ran away, demolishing the vehicle and injuring itself badly.

Nor long ago Mrs. Rachel Dederick, wife of Frederick Dederick, a wagon-maker of Cairo, Greene county, N. Y., was passing through a field of blackberry bushes, when she heard a queer noise. She stopped and listened, and, as the noise ceased, she again went upon her way. After proceeding a few steps further she heard the noise again, which she now recognized as the whistle of a species of black snake known as the racer. She immediately started to run, but before she had gone a dozen steps the snake caught up with her, and began to entwine his coils about her body. She had a small tin pail in her hand at the time, and while screaming for help began to fight the snake with the pail, but it seemed that every stroke she made at the snake's head he would dodge and draw his folds about her body tighter. She continued to fight and scream this way for nearly a quarter of an hour before she got any response, but finally heard her husband's answering call. Just then the snake got a coil around her neck and throat, and she fainted. Her husband crushed the snake's head with his boot-heel and then released his wife and carried her to the house, where she revived. She carried a blue mark about her throat for some time where the snake had choked her. The snake was 11 feet in length and as large around as a man's wrist.

A BLOT ON CIVILIZATION.

Scenes About Salt Lake Depot on the Arrival of a New Batch of Saintesses—A Creed Formed on Lechery.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Several hundred more lambs for the Mormon fold have just arrived from Europe. It must occasionally strike the sincere Latter Day Saint, as it does many observing people throughout the civilized world, as somewhat strange that the Mormons, with nearly fifty millions of people not more than four days distant from their stronghold, draw nearly all of their recruits from abroad, particularly as Americans have no equals as connoisseurs in new religions. This peculiarity of Mormon experience, however, loses its puzzling appearance when regarded closely. The Mormon inducements that appeal most strongly to the classes from which new members are obtained are certainly not religious, for history knows of no religion that has worked so long and accomplished so little in the way of proselytizing.

The hardened old "male saints" always look forward with great anticipations to the arrival of a new batch of lambs. The scene around the Salt Lake depot is rich in reflections. One need not be very perceptive to arrive at the true inwardness of the religion of the latter day saints. As some rosy-cheeked, buxom damsel steps from the train the dull eyes of the lecherous brethren light up for the moment, with anticipations of adding another to their household. Statesmen looking for a chance to distinguish themselves in bringing about a reform, should witness the scene. It would brace them up to the necessity of blotting out Mormonism from America.

Bulldozing a Voter.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is a strong minded woman "way down in Maine," who has been protesting for years against her sex being debarred the right of suffrage. During the recent election she resolved to express her opinions through her spouse. They were one, she argued, and he had had all the say in political matters since their marriage. His political creed differed from hers, but she determined to have "her say" for once. She overtook him on his way to the polls, laid firm hold on his ear, and forced him to put her ballot in the box. It was a clear case of criminal bulldozing.

TORTURING A NEGRO

A Tennessee Mob Apply Lighted Torches to a Negro's Feet and Extort a Confession of his Having Participated in a Murder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In an interview with Jim Higgins, the negro who confessed to have assisted in the murder of Laprade, he gave the following account of how he was punished in order to ring from him his statement: He said that a few nights before the lynching of Bell and Jamison, a mob came into the calaboose at Saddleville, Tenn., where he was incarcerated. They threw a blanket over his head to prevent him from seeing, fastened his arms with a rope and threw him on a horse. They carried him he knew not whither, and swung him to a limb of a tree for a few minutes, let him down, and then told him if he did not confess and give all the particulars of the murder of Laprade, they would burn him alive. He first told them that he knew nothing more about it except that Jack Bell and Jamison (the negroes lynched) had told him of the plot to rob and murder Laprade on the Friday previous to the deed, but that he had refused to enter into it with them, and had dismissed the matter from his mind, having made preparations to move to Illinois, where his family are now. They told him that Bell and Jamison had confessed and he must tell about it. He refused to say anything more. They then placed him in a sitting posture, with his back to a tree, to which they tied him, and drove sticks down on both sides of his legs, so as to render his limbs immovable, they then piled leaves under and put fire to the soles of his feet. They continued to apply the torch until he finally to get rid of the intense agony he suffered, admitted questions put to him as having come from Bell and Jamison. He was then replaced on the horse and returned to the calaboose, where his feet were bound up in oil and soda and several drinks of whisky furnished him. The burning of his feet had deranged his entire nervous system and had affected his stomach, lungs and heart. His feet are still so sore as to render him incapable of walking.

NOT DEVOTED TO ART.

A Drunken Woman Kicks Her Foot Through a Valuable Painting.

[Subject of Illustration.]

To mourn the loss of a fine oil painting and prosecute the destroyer of the work of art, Mr. Robert S. Moore appeared in the Jefferson Market Police Court, in this city, a few days since. The genius of destruction was a woman named Mary Johnson, who stood at the bar. Mr. Moore stated to the magistrate that he was changing his residence and all his furniture had been placed against the iron railings, and while the truckmen were busy loading the wagons the woman came along considerably under the influence



A PARTY OF MEN TIE A NEGRO TO A TREE AND BURN HIS FEET TO EXTORT A CONFESSION FROM HIM; SADDLEVILLE, TENN.



A MAINE WOMAN INCENSED AT NOT BEING ALLOWED TO VOTE, BULLDOZES HER HUSBAND INTO VOTING HER WAY BY EAR-PULLING PERSUASION.—SEE PAGE 3.



A DRUNKEN WOMAN WHILE PASSING A RESIDENCE FROM WHICH OIL PAINTINGS ARE BEING REMOVED, KICKS A HOLE THROUGH A WORK OF ART VALUED AT \$1,000; NEW YORK CITY.

of liquor, staggered up to where the pictures were placed and deliberately kicked her foot through the canvas of the fine French painting entitled "The Crown of Thorns," valued at \$1,000. The mutilation tore the face of Christ and ruined the picture. In her fit of malicious destruction she approached another painting, a landscape, and was about to drive her hand through the canvas, when one of the truckmen caught hold of her arm and prevented further damage. Mr. Moore said he regretted the loss of the first named picture, as it had been in the family's possession for many years. Although copies had often been asked for, only once was one allowed to be taken. When the charge of malicious mischief was made, the prisoner said she had no recollection of having destroyed the picture. Justice Smith held her in \$1,000 bail for trial.

KILLED BY A BEAR.

A Party of Women and Children Attacked — A Boy Partly Devoured.

[Subject of Illustration.]

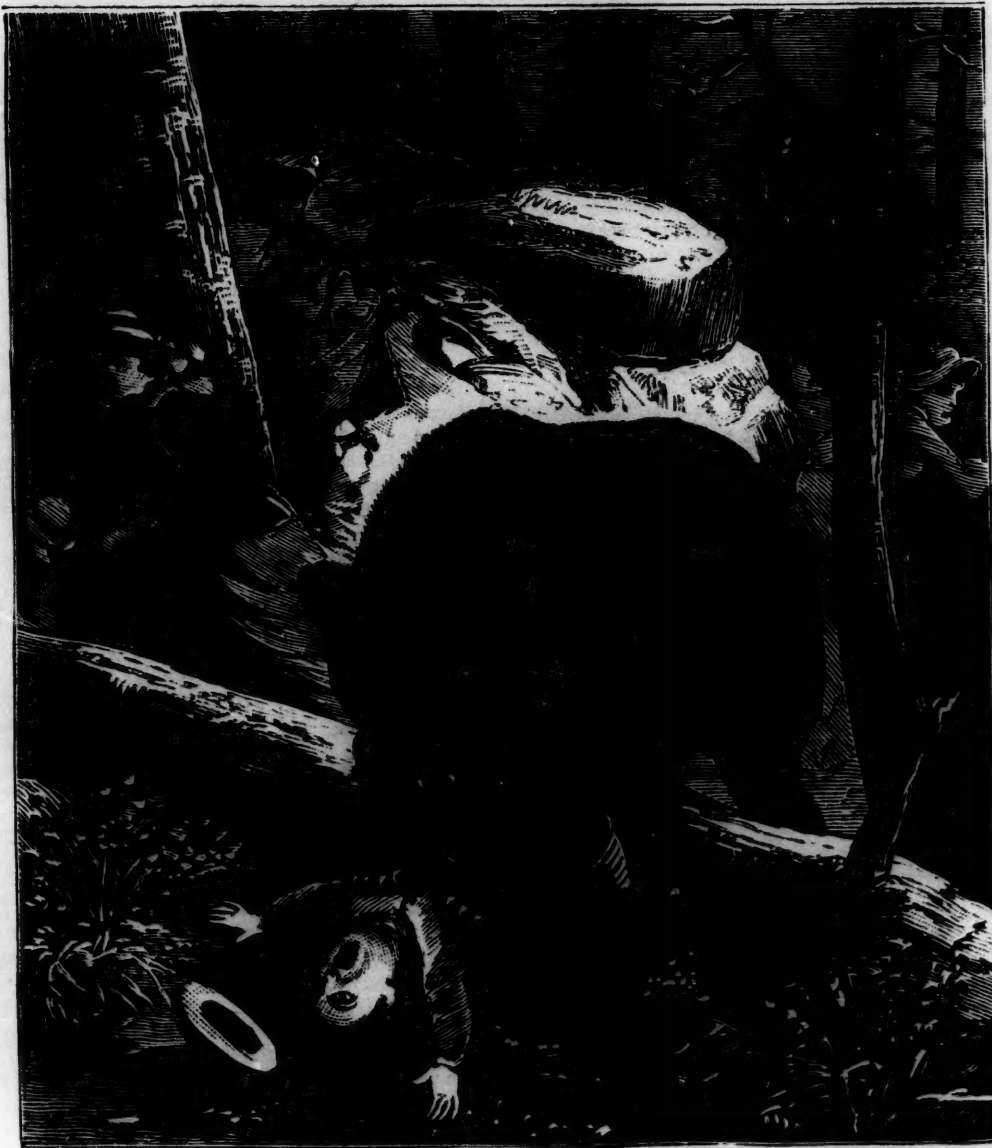
A shocking affair occurred near Riverdale, Ont. Early in the week a party of women and children were attacked by a ferocious bear. One little boy

was killed and others of the party barely escaped with their lives. A number of women with their young children had gone into the woods to pick acorns. They were pleasantly engaged in this occupation and were not dreaming of any danger, when suddenly a huge bear made his appearance in their midst. All were filled with consternation and there was a general flight in every direction. The women seized their young children and fled, the older children following them. All succeeded in getting away except a little boy four years old, the son of a farmer named Charles Simons, who was seized by the furious brute. Assistance arrived half an hour later, and the bear, seeing men approaching, departed. The little boy was still alive, but terribly mangled. His entrails were torn out and his ribs were broken from his back and large portions of his flesh were eaten off. The poor little fellow died shortly after.

AN OFF-ACT

What a Countryman Discovered.—A Sensational Case.

A most diabolical rape, or attempt at rape, has just leaked out, although over two weeks have elapsed since its perpetration. Forepaugh showed at Gallon, O., on the 27th of August, and in the evening after the close of the performance a countryman, while returning home, and when at the outskirts of the city, heard smothered groans by the roadside. Stepping up to the object he beheld a girl, about 17 years old, lying upon her back, her lower extremities exposed, and her clothes tied together with a rope above her head. The man cut the rope that bound her, but instead of coming back to the city to



A PARTY OF ACORN-GATHERERS ARE ATTACKED BY A BEAR, FROM WHICH ALL ESCAPE BUT A LITTLE BOY, WHO IS MANGLED TO DEATH IN A FRIGHTFUL MANNER; RIVERDALE, ONT.

inform the officers, went on his way, and a few days after told a neighbor of the affair, who in turn has just let the cat out of the bag. The case is to be investigated, and will, no doubt, lead to some startling development.

"TRUE AS THE STARS."

A Jewish Libel on the Planets—Seduction and Suicide of a Beautiful English Girl.

[From an English Correspondent.]

A melancholy illustration of woman's proverbial weakness and the heartless perfidy of man has recently been agitating, to a considerable extent, the chief city of the English midlands. One of the principal actors in the tragedy is a Jew named Singer, who for some time past has been employed in Birmingham as a journeyman tailor. It is a satisfaction to know that he is not by any means a fair representative of his race, and that among his fellow citizens none are more disgusted with his cruel and perfidious conduct than those who have had the misfortune to attend with him at the same Hebrew synagogue. The unhappy victim of his amorous machinations was an interesting girl named Johnson, whose parents live in that part of the "Black Country" which will be well known to our English readers as Dudley Port. Though born and bred in that not very bright or attractive district, the heroine of this lamentable story of real life seems to have partaken but little of the nature of her early surroundings. Few girls within a radius of a hundred miles could boast of such maidenly grace, such endearing, amiable qualities, or so much lady-like style and beauty. With a fresh and blooming complexion, a well-developed, symmetrical figure, with dark, lustrous eyes and finely chiseled features, she was a feminine gem of much too dazzling a quality not to attract sooner or later the attention of the opposite sex. Accordingly, on her recent advent in Birmingham at the age of eighteen she soon became the object of much admiring observation. Though courted by many eligible suitors, she manifested an affection for none until the Israelitish tailor already referred to appeared, like Mephistopheles, on the scene. And then occurred one of those curious anomalies of life and love which certainly "no fellow can understand."

It is said that there are some men so homely that pretty women fly to them and marry them for pity's sake. A man may be so ugly that his face actually aches through pain caused by its terrible shape, and yet that man will become owner and proprietor of one of the sweetest little women in the world. In the present case, a more unlikely individual to carry captive the young affections of a beautiful female could hardly be imagined than this amorous Hebrew, who did not even make up in worldly possessions or mental attainments for his deficiency in the matter of personal looks. And yet in a short time he had managed by some occult means to exercise a most potent and, as it has since turned out, a most baneful influence over the heart and destiny of the young and charming Gentile. He persuaded her to accompany him in evening walks to various places of amusement and so skillfully played upon her affections that she speedily became an unsuspecting victim to his evil designs. As usual, there were, on his part, many solemn promises of marriage, and all sorts of protestations of deep and undying love. To these the girl, in her innocence, unfortunately listened with a much too-confiding ear, and eventually permitted her tailor "mash" to take upon himself the role of husband without even a pretense at the previous qualification which the law requires. Then the true character of her lover soon appeared. His affections—which he persuaded her had reached the heat of an all-consuming fire—now underwent a curious process of cooling down, and the utter meanness of his disposition, at the same time, became painfully apparent.

As if to repeat a familiar episode in the history of his race, he borrowed her gold ear-rings upon some specious pretense and then appropriated them to his own use by pawning them to buy a pair of boots in which to go to a ball. To all her earnest entreaties for the carrying out of his glib promises of marriage he callously turned a deaf ear, and at last the poor girl, dishonored and deceived, was driven to the very



OLIVER COTTER, NOW ON TRIAL IN BROOKLYN ON A CHARGE OF BLACKMAILING.

verge of despair. One Friday evening she met him in the street and asked him to take a walk with her, adding significantly that it would be for "the last time." Apparently not noticing the concluding remark, and unaware of the tragedy about to be enacted, he acceded to her request, and walked with her along some of the principal thoroughfares. At length she led the way to a more secluded portion of the town and there, according to his account, suddenly turned a corner, pressed a small bottle to her lips and hastily swallowed its contents. He rushed to snatch the



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

M'LE MARZELL, SOUBRETTE AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS.



A "FRESH DRUMMER" WHO IMAGINED HIMSELF A REGULAR LADY KILLER IN EVERY TOWN HE VISITED IS CURED OF THIS FANCY BY A PARTY OF PRACTICAL JOKERS; JANEVILLE, WIS.

phial from her hands, but it was too late; she had drained it to the dregs, and as she turned and staggered against the wall, exclaimed: "I have poisoned myself!" There was yet time to have saved her life had reasonable expedition been displayed in securing medical assistance. But either from fear, design or confusion, Singer seems to have wasted the precious moments in dragging the woman aimlessly about the streets until the poison had done its dread work, and the once fair and happy girl was a corpse.

The conduct of Singer has been the subject of close investigation at the inquest, which, at the time of writing, stands adjourned. Evidence was given as to certain stains on the hat and gloves of the deceased, and some doubt was thrown on the account given by Singer as to the manner in which the poison was taken. The deputy coroner observed that, if it could be shown that these stains were poison stains, then it might point to the fact that deceased did not take the poison herself.

Upon the unhappy girl was found the following letter written by Singer:

"BIRMINGHAM, July 31, 1880.—My dear darling Carrie, I received your kind & welcome letter in Bed this morning. My Darling I dare say you do feel lonesome in so small a place when you have no one to see you so often as I did. My pet you have written to me to be true, how can you utter it in your own self when you know how I have spoken to you with an open heart how could you doubt my word. My Darling Carrie you be contented at home, you need have nothing to fear for me. I will be as true to you as the stars in the sky. I cannot express how lost I feel without seeing you my Darling. I have been to your Sister the moment I left you to tell her I have sent you home. Darling I thought of going to London on Bank Holiday. As you are at Dudley I shall come over for the day and take you to the Camel, I shall be there for dinner time. So have the desserts made in Dudley Port. I can see you now, I have nothing more to write hoping this letter will find you happy. To conclude with kind love and best wishes to my pet from your affectionate Lover, H. SINGER. P. S.—Please to meet me at the station on Monday."

MASHING A MASHER.

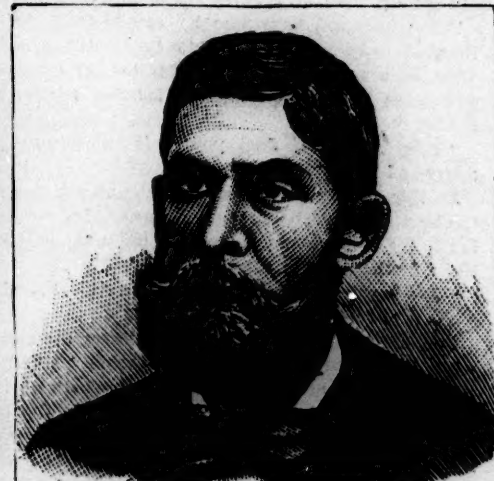
How a Fresh Drummer Was Taken in and Done For by a Party Who do Not Fancy "Heart Breakers."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Janeville, Wis., Sept. 22.—There occasionally arrives here a would-be professional masher, who travels on his shape, and egotistically imagines that he holds full sway over the heart of any and every lady fair. Such a one registered at one of the hotels, Saturday, and without paying much attention to his legitimate business of selling goods, proceeded to stir himself on the streets, as an evening star. After grossly insulting several ladies, in his clumsy attempt to find an affinity in the form of another fool of a different sex, the lads found him out, and yesterday put up a very successful scheme of which he was the victim.

He received a very delicate note, purporting to come from a young lady, very wealthy, handsome, etc. She had seen him, adored him, had a cruel mother, could she meet him, was clear gone, etc.

Briefly stated, the traveling man's feelings were wrought upon to such an extent that he entered into an arrangement to meet her. She wore a blue bow as a sign of recognition. He came, he saw the blue bow, and was conquered, but just as the two were rolling along in an elegant carriage, her family carriage, and had reached Monterey bridge, a brother of the young lady stopped them, a still bigger brother came up also, with several other male friends, and there was a scene. There were high words about the attempted abduction and seduction, and the panic-stricken masher tumbled out of that carriage through the window, without stopping to open the door. The poor fellow lay on the ground, holding on to the spokes of the wheels, yelling murder, while the boys sat down him, and did unto him as he would that he could do unto others—mashed him. At last they let him up, his female charmer pulled off the gentler garments, and stood up with the rest of the boys, and the whole plot had a hole through it big



GEORGE HAVELL, ARRESTED IN PROVIDENCE, R. I., FOR PRESENTING FORGED CHECKS.

enough to look through, but it was too late to save the silk hat. It was a wreck, and picking up the remains tenderly the owner wended his way to his hotel, somewhat sadder. The rest of the night was used in swinging cusswords and a clothes brush, and vowing vows never to attempt mashing again in Janeville.

A FARMER'S wife at Huntingdon, Pa., gathered berries all one afternoon, gave birth to a son the same night, and attended market the following morning.

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
the Clock—Midnight Scenes
and Noontide Photo-
graphs.

FERRY HOUSE ASSIGNATIONS.

Sweethearts Who Wait and Lovers
Who are Waited For.

THE PICAROON'S CHILD.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is, as you need not be informed, quite a village of ferry houses in New York.

From the one at the Battery, where you wait for the Staten Island boat and wonder if there will be beer enough left at Bechtel's brewery to wash the dust of the summer city from your parched throat, to the other, within scent of the morgue, where a gentleman in a blue coat with brass buttons watches to see that you don't go out into the street and get sunstruck, there is variety enough to satisfy any man or woman.

And as I propose to show you it does satisfy a good many.

I don't mean, mind you, the people who go to Jersey or Brooklyn or wherever else they do go, because they want to have to and who pay their money, or slap down a button and don't wait for the change, in the business like way of people who want the value of their outlay.

I mean those whose journey ends at the ferry house—Fulton say, for example.

There are several classes who come under this head, exclusive of the gentleman who arrives just in time to have the gate slammed in his face and goes off to wait for the next boat in a beer saloon until the policeman finds him at 3 A. M., trying to pick the lock of Fulton Market with the handle of his latch-key.

There is the tramp, for instance, who slinks in under the tail of a market wagon and goes to sleep in the waiting room 'till the watchman shakes him up and tells him the boat is just starting, when he repeats the performance in the snugest corner of the ladies' cabin 'till a deckhand fires him off to reproduce it in the waiting room again.

Then there are the bootblack, who is being perpetually put out only to get back again somehow the minute after, and the flower girl, and the gentleman who comes in to read the evening paper, and the two men who spend the afternoon talking in whispers and examining legal documents and then go off separately without saying good bye, and the drunken man who is disgusted because nobody will show him the bar-room.

But none of these, though they are daily apparitions here and at any of the other ferry houses, are the ones I am talking about.

There is one of my subjects now.

She comes in with a hurried rustle to her stiff skirts that makes you almost expect to see her walk clear through the barred gate and commence to swim to Brooklyn, but as soon as she has passed the ferryman's window she subsides into the most snailish of walks, and the bootblack says to the boy at the news stand.

"She ain't in such a hurry as she used to was."

The newstand boy, who by reason of his being licensed to be where he is while the bootblack is defined as a nuisance by the by-laws of the company entertains a contempt for his inferior fellow, responds disdainfully:

"They never is. Just you wait till you see as many as I have."

At this juncture the ferry watchman pounces on the bootblack and, collaring him, yanks him squirming to the gate where he kicks him out into the street like a football, the punctured youth yelling.

"You just let me alone, now. Let me alone, or I'll make it hot for you."

The lady who is no longer in a hurry has meanwhile taken a peep into the waiting room devoted to the special use of her sex, and then strolled past the one to which ruder mortals are relegated. She has strolled past so slowly that she has had an opportunity to inspect the entire place through the two windows and the door.

The inspection is, evidently, not a satisfactory one.

She bites her lip, and a cloud passes over her face; her delicate eyebrows come together 'till a dimple appears between them and a light wrinkle crosses her forehead; she jerks a little jewel-studded watch from her fob as if she had a grudge against it and opens and closes the case several times with an angry snap.

Then she looks into the waiting-room again.

Then she walks to the gate and stares through the grating at the crowd which is just pouring off a boat very much as she might if she was glaring enviously through prison bars at a liberated word.

About half a minute of this tires her, when she paralyzes her time-keeper with another malevolent

glance and starts for the exit with a determined expression.

But, she stops, again turns, and flitting into the waiting-room drops into a seat and commences beating a wrathful tattoo on the floor with the pointed toes of her high-heeled French shoes.

Ladies who would disdain to waste five minutes in anticipation of a backward lover anywhere else devote unprofitable hours to him here.

And gentlemen who would as soon think of eating raw rat as dancing attendance in a park or at a street corner on a beauty which persisted in keeping itself out of sight smoke and loaf around the ferry house without noting the passage of time except by the numbers of cigarettes they consume.

There is one cardinal reason for this—it is self-interest.

Ferry house assignations are of two kinds.

In the one case they are meetings between people one or both of whom dare not meet anywhere where they are likely to encounter acquaintances, and who choose this place because their identity is pretty effectively concealed in the constantly shifting crowd.

And in this case the woman is generally the waiter. In the other they are the natural sequence of the business flirtations which a certain class of ladies who make the ferries a stamping ground conduct with anybody who looks as if he was worth flirting with.

This working of the ferries is a favorite racket with the frail divinities of our metropolitan heaven.

It is on this line that they hook the portly and respectable gudgeon from the City of Churches, who is notoriously susceptible to the same tender weaknesses which distinguish his favorite pastor, and the hay seeded flat from the granger districts who makes up in cash and confidence what he lacks in style.

You find these sirens in every ferry house from breakfast time till sunset. Elegant in attire, faultless in manner as any lady who uses the ferry legitimately, they ogle you from the waiting-room windows, and when they get tired of that vary the monotony of their employment by a trip on the boat.

The language of the Old Rouser has a very expressive term by which it distinguishes these amphibious snarers of men:

Picaroons!

I was once the witness of a curious little comedy in which both species of the ferry house habitues figured with prominence.

It was at Fulton Ferry.

A lady, who was beyond any visual doubt a lady, dressed with aristocratic but quiet elegance, came in, as they all come in, hastily, but as is less frequently the case, met a young gentleman who had for some minutes been smoking a cigarette and pretending to study the illustrated papers at the news stand.

They went into the ladies' room, where a single female figure lolled listlessly on the ledge of a window looking out on the bridge.

This figure was richly dressed, too, but with a certain garish taste in style and colors that invariably distinguishes the picaroon.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, jumping up as soon as he sat down, and turning crimson as the picaroon shot a swift glance at him.

"What is the matter?" asked his companion.

"Nothing."

"What makes you so fidgetty, then?"

"I left my umbrella leaning against the news stand. Excuse me a moment."

The philosopher of the news stand grins till he seems in peril of splitting across the face.

"I thought you wouldn't skip just yet," he chuckles. "Oh, no! Not much! Not by no manner of means; because Johnny wouldn't like it, you know, and then we'd have a fight."

The juvenile student of human nature is right.

However wearisome it may be to wait on a tardy assignation in a ferry house, the people who make such appointments weary themselves whenever occasion requires.

He was hardly out of the door when another gentleman appeared in it.

At sight of him the picaroon gave vent to an exclamation of satisfaction and the lady to one of consternation.

As for the gentleman, he stood in the doorway with his mouth open and his face purple, till the young man returning with his umbrella shoved him aside.

Then he gasped:

"Lucinda!"

"John!"

"What are you doing here?"

"I was going to see Aunt Mary. And you?"

"I've got to go to Coney Island on business. I guess you'd better let Aunt Mary slide and come along with me."

"Very well."

There was a duplicate sigh of relief.

Each knew that the other was lying, but the account was even, and the pair went out, without a look either at lover or picaroon.

"You villain! What were you doing with that little doll?"

"Nothing."

"You lie!"

"All right, if you say so," with a shrug.

"You'll find it all wrong before you get through. I'm not putting my money up to have you flirt with—"

"D—n it, Helene! Don't make a Judy of yourself. Come over to Drilon's and have some oysters."

Probably on the principal that she might as well have him spend some of her own money on herself, Helene went.

Some years ago, when I lived in Jersey, there was a very pretty little picaroon who used to fish on the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry with whom I became quite good friends.

In the intervals when the fish were shy we had many a social chat, in the course of which I learned that she was a country girl, with the usual story of confidence, elopement and desertion in the strange

city by her lover when the charm of novelty had worn away.

In the dusk of a winter evening, before the cabin lights were lighted, I found her roping in an elderly granger who had a big carpet bag between his legs and the general looks of what my little predatory friend would call "good graft" about him.

It was the usual performance.

Clumsy gallantry on the side, and well assumed coyness on the other.

A word or two that had a double meaning, a salacious chuckle on the part of the agricultural reprobate, a glitter of triumph in two bright and giddy eyes.

"Will you come to supper with me, sis?"

"Since you insist on it."

"And we'll have a real spree." The old man's voice quivered with an infamous desire.

"Won't we, just?"

There was a momentarily dazzling gush of light as the deck hand, passing through the cabin, touched his torch to the jets.

Then a piercing shriek and a horrible cry.

"I ain't seen her since that night," observed the ferryman to me afterwards. "The old man raved around here for about a week, nigh distracted to get her to go home with him again. But it wasn't no go, I guess. When they gets started on that string they generally keeps on to the end of their life, and all the fathers in the world can't stop 'em."

If we read river for rope, the ferryman is right, for it is to the river the picaroon comes at last, descending from its busy bosom to its dead and silent depths.

You come upon her sometimes leaning on the rail and looking down upon the turbid flood whose whirling eddies from the steamboat wheels are white with dizzy foam and you need not be a prophet to read that upon her face, and out of her sudden guilty start when she hears your steps behind her, that indexes her gloomy thoughts and tells you that the end is drawing on.

I asked one day why she stared so intently at the river.

"It looks so quiet," she said.

"With all these ships and boats upon it?"

"Oh! but they're only on the top, and besides, the are quiet places it runs by, where no boats come."

"But it is so dirty."

She looked curiously at me, and brushed her silken skirts repeatedly as if to eradicate a stain that would not go. Then she said with a harsh laugh:

"It is dirty, isn't it? But confound it! what does that matter? A grave is, too."

A lady, gentleman and little girl crossed on a North River boat with me one afternoon. They were evidently strangers, with enough style about them to be from some country city where the tailors and dressmakers visit New York, much as ours here visit Paris, once a year. The little girl was a charming creature with a wide open and innocent face which had never had a shadow from the great city cast upon it. A woman, gaily dressed and richly, who was lounging against the forward railing, started forward and gave a sharp cry when the trio appeared on the deck.

The gentleman looked at her, swiftly and with a troubled face. The lady bit her lip and blushed. But before either could prevent it, if they would, the woman had stooped over the child and kissed her with hot lips that left a rosy mark, and pressed the bunch of costly blossoms from her bosom into the unresisting little hand, blossoms amid which a tear-drop glistened like a great bead of dew.

"What beautiful flowers, mamma! Isn't she a nice lady? and I hadn't time to thank her."

"She isn't a nice lady at all, dear, and you have no need to thank her or to speak to such as she at all. Give me the flowers."

The little one watched them drifting seaward with sad eyes, docilely submitting to the lesson she could not understand.

A commotion on the other side of the boat attracted the gentleman's attention and he asked what it was.

"A woman jumped overboard, sir."

"A woman?"

"One of them that cruises on the ferry. She was drunk, I guess, for she just gave a jump over the chain, and before anybody could stay her, was in the water, and she went down under the wheel in a minute. Say anything, sir. No, sir; nothing that could be understood, that is—but them as was nearest says they heard her mutter something about her child."

So, the flowers and the battered remark of their giver floated to the ocean side by side, and the little girl, speaking to the white-faced man and woman in an interval of their agitated whisper, said:

"Only think, mamma, if it should have been my lady!"

VERY PRESUMPTUOUS.

A "Coon" That is Altogether too Loving—A Sight That Disgusted Spectators.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BEAVER, Pa., Sept. 20.—A Beaverfall's man, who owns a fast team, employs a colored hostler as a driver. The owner of the team has also an accomplished daughter, whom the colored driver sometimes takes out riding. In going through Beaver the other day, the darkey, who is a very presumptuous "coon," allowed his protecting arm to lay listlessly over the lazy back of the carriage, semi-circling the young lady's waist. Of course the lady did not notice the thing, and may be she was unaware of the proximity of the arm, but the affair caused universal comment and gossip on our streets and we would advise that driver to hereafter attend to the horses and let some one of less color protect the lady.

A TOUGH CASE.

What a Husband Alleged About His
Wife—The Sight He Saw Early
One Morning—Moral Rottenness of
the Very Lowest Order.

Some few years since a gentleman became acquainted with a man by negotiating paper for his accommodation, and about two or three years since he received from him a trust deed for the benefit of his creditors, which brought them in contact very often. About six months or less before he left the premises the man's wife died. About a week before she died this man wrote to his sister's daughter, a married woman, about thirty years of age, to visit him in Providence. She was residing at the time with her husband and child, a boy some six years old, somewhere in Pennsylvania. She came without her husband, and was housekeeper for this man, her own uncle, for some time before her husband came to Providence; and the three—husband, wife and boy—became a part of this household.

Two or three Sundays since a neighborhood heard a knock at his rear door, and, giving permission, a man entered and introduced himself as the husband. After taking a seat he expressed himself as wanting some advice, which, of course, could not be well declined. He commenced by saying that this man has been cohabiting with his wife, his own sister's daughter. The proof being asked, he replied: "As I have to get up early to go to work, I retire early and leave my wife on the lower floor; rising early in the morning, I found my wife had not occupied the bed. On reaching the lower floor I passed into this man's lodging room and found my wife in bed with her uncle."

"Did you before that morning see other cases of the same sort?"

"I was satisfied before that morning that there were wrong doings between them, and requested my wife to leave the house and for us to go to housekeeping. Her reply was, 'It is too late' which wholly convinced me she had passed herself over to her uncle, and soon after the morning I saw them in bed together—this man and his niece. My wife and another woman were present in a room in the house, and I had rough words with this man; and in the course of the talk he says, calling me by name, 'I will get you a divorce, and you marry Mrs. — then.' I became infuriated and shouted, 'Now I want to get a divorce; can I do so?'"

The neighbor told him there could be no doubt about that, but did not desire to have an interest in the matter, and he should make up his mind firmly before commencing, for there were so many such cases condoned at the present time that it frequently placed a man in a disagreeable position. However, he told the husband that it was a tough matter, citing Gen. Sikes, and more recently the Schroeder case.

The man appeared half crazed, and during the Sunday came to the house three times, thinking of more to tell. The following Sunday he was at the house again three times on the same business. There also seems to be another difficulty. All the property and means he has placed in the hands of his wife for her to take care of, and the property and child she declines to surrender. The husband, apparently, is a very likely man, but does not handle so much money as the uncle; and, further, he is a temperate man, drinking no liquor. He repeatedly made the remark, "I do not want to do murder."

"A COMMON SCOLD."

Where There Lives One Woman With an
Ungovernable Tongue.

If there is any place anywhere in this country where what is obsolete, old-fashioned and quaint is sure to be dug up at some time or other, it is in Bradford, Pa. The charge of being a "common scold" known to old English law is not very common in the United States, but it has been made in the lively place spoken of. The *Star* tells the story:

"The female inhabitants of our suburb, Ken'all, are greatly excited over a case that strikes terror to the female heart all over the city, and the decision is looked forward to with the keenest interest. Two women of Kendall have been fond of talking and gossiping and of flapping the sympathetic ear and of wagging the untiring jaw. This in itself would have been nothing unusual had they confined themselves strictly to the innocent pastime, but unfortunately they began throwing things up to each other that had been dead and buried for a long time. The relative merits of their husbands were discussed, as were the amounts spent in beer and the lateness of the hours kept by the said husbands. The husbands in question got tired of so much jaw all the time, and raised sundry objections to the scolding process. Then war broke out in earnest, and the two women made a riotous assault on one another, in which the two husbands and several of the neighbors joined. The women were arrested as the principals in the affair and were taken before a justice on a charge of common scolds. They waived a hearing and the case was laid over."

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

M'lie Marzell is the leading soubrette of the Port St. Martin Theatre, Paris, a position which she fills with great credit to herself and the pleasure of the patrons of that famous place of amusement. She has been on the stage but a short time, and her advancement to her present position is a tribute to her ability. She promises well to become one of the leading artistes of Paris.

A QUAKER CAN-CAN.

In Which Father and Daughter Took Part.

OLD BROADBRIM'S BATTER.

Which Took Him to a Variety Show, Filled Him With Champagne and Transformed Him into one of the Ungodly.

A FROG-EATER IN PERIL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a ballet-master, who is also a master of his art, who makes New York his residence and is in great request at our spectacular theatres. He is a handsome little man, a Frenchman, with all the engaging manners of that race combined with the polished politeness of the English gentlemen gained from his having spent a number of seasons as ballet director of the Royal Italian Opera in London. Apart from his legitimate theatrical engagements here, he is frequently called on to superintend the rehearsals and direct the execution of the fancy dances with which our society sociables are enlivened.

Upon one of these occasions he had as a pupil the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants on the continent, a staid old Quaker, who had been prevailed on by his worldly wife to celebrate Adelgitha's sixteenth birthday by one of the entertainments in vogue in the society his money entitled him to a position in while his creed commanded him to shun it. The girl, brought up in a home circle whose average atmosphere was like that of a church, fell madly in love with the gay little Gaul, with his ready wit, his pleasant tongue, and his chivalrously attentive manner.

Flattered by her attention, the ballet master, albeit possessed of a wife and a numerous family, encouraged it by those subtle arts men employ in such circumstances, and from a fervent love the poor girl advanced to a positive adoration of him.

After the event which led to their first meeting they came together on rare occasions, at street corners and in restaurants, but the girl was too closely watched to make it possible for her to safely evade the family vigilance as a regular thing. Finally, however, Mr. Broadbrim locked his Madison avenue house up for the summer and started for the seashore. She was sent off to an aunt, a wealthy old lady in the interior of the state, with whom she was a great favorite, and who had long desired to have her spend a summer with her.

Old Broadbrim visited New York daily in the interest of his business, and on a recent occasion came to grief. Some big western buyers were dealing with him. They were on the usual spree with which out-of-town merchants celebrate their metropolitan visits, and Broadbrim, who was by no means averse to his tod on the quiet, was roped in to taking a few hundred drops too much. The consequence was that he brought up in a Bowery variety hall, where he goggled at the novel sights presented to him till he almost cracked his glasses and his eyes were weary. Then one of the grangers, who had been putting up the champagne at a rate which made the bartender rub his hands, observed:

"It's real nice, ain't it?"

"Thou hast stricken the nail upon the head, friend Simpkinson," was the reply.

"Bang-up girls, ain't they?"

"If thou meanest that the young females are of a superior order of physical architecture thou art in the right, yea, verily."

"Then why the blazes don't you chuck the girl you like best a bouquet?"

"Because I have not the bouquet, friend S."

Mr. Simpkinson called the bouquet girl up from the pit and remedied that deficiency in a wink. Old Broadbrim, dizzy from the last glass of wine, gripped the odorous tribute as if it was an Indian club and, as a matter of course, hurl'd it at the first pretty girl he saw.

She happened to be an artist who had come on to do a double song-and-dance with a funny little man made up in the most extravagant style, and observing the floral missile coming at her she dodged it.

It caught her partner on the nose and knocked him down, but the expression of displeasure he gave utterance to was drowned in the shrill shriek of his partner:

"Good God! It's father!"

"Oh! Thou Great Creator! My daughter!"

And the next thing the audience knew, a venerable gentleman in the garb of an orthodox Quaker and with a champagne bottle in his hand had leaped from the box to the stage and folded a very slightly clad young female affectionately to his breast.

The curtain had to be rung down to quell the uproar, and Adelgitha was prevailed on to go home; but some unprincipled reporter got hold of the story, and at the next convective Broadbrim was notified that his room in the meeting-house would be regarded with as much favor as his company.

He went straight off and bought a suit of ready-made clothes and a revolver.

"Confound the meeting!" he said, in the language of the ungodly. "I don't care whether the spirit

ever moves me or not again as long as I can get square with that cussed frog eater."

Men are only human beings after all, even if they are Quakers.

WAS HE MURDERED FOR \$25,000

After Being Insured for That Amount?—An Old Hostler's Mysterious Death A Comparison Picture for the Raber Case—Startling Details.

SUNBURY, Pa., September 25.—A startling case of alleged crooked insurance has been made public at Selinsgrove, a few miles from here. From the present outlook it appears that it is a sort of companion picture to the terrible Raber insurance murder for which five men were hanged in the Lebanon jail yard.

Several months ago an old man by the name of John Brandt arrived in Selinsgrove. It appears that his business was that of a revolving hostler at hotels, and he kept moving about from place to place as that class of men generally do. He was a stranger. It is true he was a hostler at a hotel in Selinsgrove once before—probably eight years ago—but few persons recognized him any more, as by reason of ill health he had been much reduced and changed. He put up at Guyer's Hotel and has been there since he came to town, although he was unable to do any work.

Shortly after he came to Selinsgrove a rumor got afloat that a heavy insurance had been put upon his life, but in whose favor it was, at first unknown. But it soon became known that George Guyer, proprietor of the hotel, had effected an insurance of \$15,000 through M. B. Gardner, insurance agent. Soon a rumor got afloat that another heavy insurance had been put on the old man—amount not known to a certainty, but stated to be \$10,000. It was also given out now that Mr. Guyer had a bargain with the old man to keep him and take care of him as long as he lived, in consideration of the insurance upon his life.

Next appeared in town a man named Gilbert, cashier of a bank at Millersburg, Dauphin county. It was then said that Gilbert had effected a good insurance on the old man. A short time after this man Gilbert was again there all night, and rumor had it that an additional application had been made. He and Gardner seemed at any rate to have very important business with each other. How this man Gilbert got to put an insurance on an old hostler—seventy-three years old—in Selinsgrove, is a mystery.

Of late old Brandt began to complain of ill treatment, and said he could not stay any more on that account. Week before last he went to Middleburg, but returned again in a few days. But the indications are that he was not received again at the hotel. At any rate when he approached, the landlord was seen to motion him away, and he left. The last time he was seen about town, was at Schnure's mill at about 4 o'clock one morning. The next heard of him was that he had been killed on the railroad at or near the Northumberland station. He was found early Tuesday morning in an unconscious state. The opinion has gained ground at Northumberland that Mr. Brandt had been killed—not by the cars, but by some person or persons. Gilbert was in Selinsgrove the next day after the old man was found at the depot. What interest Gardner has in the insurance is not known; but he is known to have boasted that the death of the old man would be a nice thing to him if all went right. The Selinsgrove Times further says: "Under any light the subject can be looked at there is a general agreement among honest people here that the insurance itself was a swindle."

TOO FOND OF KISSING.

A Steamship Steward Who Has Been Kissing Fourteen Years and Hasn't Got Sick of It.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A too jovial disposition has got John Barbour, the good-natured, good-humored, Falstaffian steward of the steamer Hecla, of the Cunard Line, into trouble. John has too great a propensity for kissing the girls, a predilection that is sooner or later bound to lead a man into kissing the wrong girl and being brought up with a round turn in consequence. Thus it was that John, when his stately ship left Liverpool, just two weeks ago, began to make love to all the females in his steerage domain. It was one of his duties to distribute the food to the passengers.

The artful fellow would generally manage to exact the penalty of a kiss for such slight culinary favors as he granted. The women soon grew accustomed to his odd fancy and avoided him. But one of them "told" on him as soon as the vessel reached port a few evenings ago. Her name is Mary Roberts, and into the astonished ear of Superintendent Jackson, of Castle Garden, she poured the story of the gay Britisher's conduct. And not only this, but other whisperings affecting the management of the steerage quarters and the separation, or rather non-separation, of the sexes' board ship, passed between the informer and the informed.

The result was an investigation, which was conducted before the Commissioners of Emigration. John was hauled up, overhauled and keel-hauled by the angry Commissioners, and made to confess his misdeeds. He stated that he had "sailed the ocean blue" for fourteen years, and during all that time he had been kissing steadily.

Commissioner Lynch asked if he wasn't ashamed of such Barbour-ous conduct.

Another commissioner said he should be compelled to label such behavior as monstrous.

John's examination further revealed the fact that he kissed Mary Roberts "once," but as she didn't scream, he assumed it was all right. The girls he found, didn't object very much to being kissed unless he had been drinking beer. Then they wouldn't stand it.

The commissioners found that John was a very bad man, and they dismissed him with a reprimand.

SAWNEY BEANE.

The Greatest Monster of his Time—A Man Who Could Give Nero Points in Brutality—And Beat Him.

The following story is taken from a law book which is considered good authority, and was compiled from the criminal records of the Courts at Edinburgh, Scotland:

History contains no parallel to the horrible cruelties and robberies that were committed by one Sawney Beane, a Scotchman, in the reign of King James I, before he came to the crown of England by the demise of Queen Elizabeth.

Sawney Beane was born about eight or nine miles eastward of the City of Edinburgh, in the County of East Lothian, of parents who went a hedging and ditching for their daily bread, and who brought up this, their bloody-minded child, to the same occupation; but as he grew up, his disposition to idleness not permitting him to follow an honorable employment, he left his father and mother, and ran into the country, where following a most wicked life, and taking up with a woman as vicious as himself, instead of living in any city, town or village, they took up their lodging on a rock by the seaside, on the shore of Shire Galway, where they lived for upward of twenty-five years, having both children and grandchildren in that time whom they brought up so wickedly that they never separated, kept no other company but themselves, and supported themselves entirely by robbing, and, what was worse, they never committed a robbery without a murder.

They never frequented any market for provisions, but, as soon as they had murdered any man, woman or child, they did not leave the carcass behind, but carried it to their den, where, cutting it into quarters, they would pickle them and live upon human flesh until they got another prey of the same kind. But they had generally a superfluity, inasmuch that they oftentimes in the night time, but at a great distance from their sanguinary mansion, threw legs and arms of some they had killed into the sea, which the tide frequently cast up at several parts of the country, to the great astonishment of the beholders. Persons who went about their lawful occupations fell often into the hands of these merciless cannibals and never returned home again. This raised a general cry among their friends and relations, inasmuch that the whole country was alarmed at such a common loss of people, which frequently happened in traveling into the West of Scotland, and private spies were sent out into all parts to find out, if possible, how these melancholy events happened.

For a length of time their strictest searches and inquiries went to no purpose. However, several honest travelers were taken up upon suspicion, and wrongfully hanged upon bare circumstances, besides several innocent inn-keepers, who were also executed for no other reason than that persons who had been thus lost were known to have lain in their houses, and were supposed to have been robbed and murdered by them and their bodies privately buried in obscure places to prevent a discovery. To such an extent was this carried that several inn-keepers on the western road of Scotland left off their business for fear of being made the like examples, and followed other employments, so that travelers again were put to many inconveniences for want of accommodation.

However, after several had been executed, and no one made any confession at the gallows, but declared they were innocent of the crime for which they died, this rigorous way of proceeding was given up, and the finding out of the murderers left wholly to God.

Sawney Beane, with his wife, children and grandchildren, still pursued their barbarous actions with impunity; and, being somewhat numerous, they would attack four, five or six men together, if they were on foot. As for horsemen, two were the most they would ever set on, and then with such caution that an ambuscade was laid to secure them, ride which way they would, provided one or both made their escape from the first assailants. Thus, whose fortune soever it was to fall into their barbarous hands, he or she never came off with their lives. The place was solitary where they inhabited; and, when the tide came up, the water went for nearly 200 yards into their subterranean habitation, which reached almost a mile underground; so that if they were seen thereabouts by any person, it was not in the least suspected that anything human resided in such a dismal place of perpetual horror and darkness.

The number of people they had killed was not exactly known; but it was reckoned that in the twenty-five years they had reigned in these inhuman slaughters they had washed their hands in the blood of about 1,000 men, women and children! At last the discovery of the cannibals was thus made:

A man and his wife, who was behind him on the same horse, coming one evening from a fair, and falling into an ambuscade of these merciless wretches, they fell upon them in the most furious manner; the man to save himself as well as he could fought bravely against them with sword and pistol, riding some of them down by main force of his horse, from which his wife in the conflict fell off, and was presently murdered before her husband's face; for the female cannibals cut her throat, sucking her blood with as great a gusto as if it had been wine, ripped up her belly and pulled out all her entrails; which unparalleled barbarity made the poor man make the more obstinate resistance, as expecting the same fate if he fell into their impious hands. It pleased Providence that twenty or thirty passengers were riding that way from the same fair that he had been at, and Sawney Beane and his bloodthirsty clan withdrew, made the best of their way through a solitary wood, and so retired to their den.

The man, who was the first that ever came off alive after falling into their hands, told the passengers what had happened, and showed them the bloody spectacle of his wife, whom the murderers had dragged some distance off, which struck them all with stupefaction and amazement. They carried him with them to Glasgow, and, relating the matter to the Provost of that city, he immediately sent to the King about it, who, in three or four days, came in person thither, being desirous of seeing the apprehending of this villain, who for so many years had been the pest of the western part of the kingdom.

A body of about four hundred men, well armed, set out on horseback with the King, who had several blood-hounds with him, and went with the man to the wood by which he was attacked, but found no sign of any habitation all over it. They then went through it, which led down to the seashore, when, the tide being out, and going along the shore, they passed by the cave of Sawney Beane without taking any notice of it as a place of habitation, until some of the blood-hounds running into it and setting up a most hideous barking, howling and yelping, the King and his attendants came back and looked into it; but, seeing nothing but darkness, they could not tell what to think of it, but, nevertheless, imagined something more than ordinary by the blood-hounds making such a noise there, going out of sight and appearing quite unwilling to come out. Torches were sent for, and a great many men ventured into it; though there were several intricate turnings and windings in this private recess from mankind, yet they at last came to the apartment of Sawney Beane, where, to their surprise, they beheld the legs, arms, thighs, hands and feet of men, women and children hung up like dried beef, and some limbs lying in pickle, a great mass of money, both gold and silver watches, rings, swords, pistols, and a great quantity of clothes, both linen and woolen, which they had taken from those they had murdered.

All these they seized, took what human flesh they found there and buried it in the sands, and brought out Sawney Beane and his murdering family, which, besides himself, consisted of his wife, eight sons, six daughters, eighteen grandsons and fourteen granddaughters, begotten in incest. They were pinioned and carried to Edinburgh. All the country, as they passed along, flocked in multitudes to see this cursed tribe, who were no sooner came to their journey's end than they were put into the Tolbooth for one night, whence the next day, being conducted under a strong guard to Leith, the men, without process or any manner of trial, had their hands and legs cut off, by which amputation they bled in some hours to death, all this torture being justly inflicted upon them in sight of the wife, daughters and grandchildren. They were all burned in three separate fires, all dying, like the men, without repentance, but cursing and venting dire imprecations to the last gasp of life.

A FATAL GIFT.

What Happened to the Beautiful Wife of a Methodist Minister in Kentucky—"Too Fascinating for Anything"—"She is to Blame."

HILLSBORO, Ky., September 20.—Two years ago the Methodist Church at this place was supplied with a new pastor, Rev. James A. Caywood, a scholarly, quiet man about thirty years of age. Mr. Caywood brought with him to his new charge a young and pretty wife, whose disposition was exactly the opposite of his, she being lively and vivacious. The parson's wife soon became quite a favorite in society and the young men so far disregarded the precepts of the Decalogue as to "covet their neighbor's wife."

Mr. Caywood was often absent from home, attending to his pastoral duties. The church had domiciled him in a pretty little parsonage, which fronts the rear of J. W. Crane & Co.'s store. Shortly after their arrival the junior member of the firm, J. Russell Crane, who is a son of the senior member, was attracted by the piquant manner of the parson's wife, and opened a flirtation with her. His signals were answered, and the pair formed an acquaintance. This was about nine months ago. Young Crane became an especial favorite with the minister's wife. He paid frequent visits to the parsonage, sometimes when the parson was at home, but oftener when he was absent.

These latter clandestine meetings were kept a profound secret, but murder will out, and the young man's mother found a letter written to him by Mrs. Caywood. People saw them together frequently, and gossips began to talk. The minister, engaged in his church work, was blind to everything.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Caywood left Hillsboro to pay a short visit to her parents who reside in Mason county. During her absence the story of flirtations took a definite form, and the first Sunday in this month the matter was brought before the quarterly Conference. This body, on the petition of the church authorities, over which Mr. Caywood presides, promised to have the minister sent to another post. Mrs. Caywood heard of this, and immediately left for Mason, "never," as she expressed it, "to return to Hillsboro again."

It is understood that the matter will be brought before the Kentucky Annual Conference, now in session in Lexington. What action they may take is the subject only of conjecture. Your correspondent saw several letters written to the Don Juan of this little romance by Mrs. Caywood, and they were certainly a little more endearing in expression than letters from ministers' wives to the young and good-looking men of the congregation usually are.

Mr. Crane does not deny his intimacy with Mrs. Caywood, but says it was forced upon him. There is great sympathy expressed for the husband, who is pious, moral and generally proper. He knew nothing of his wife's shortcoming, until informed of them by a brother Mason, and will probably seek a separation from her.



FERRY HOUSE SCENES.—FLIRTATIONS THAT END IN RUIN.

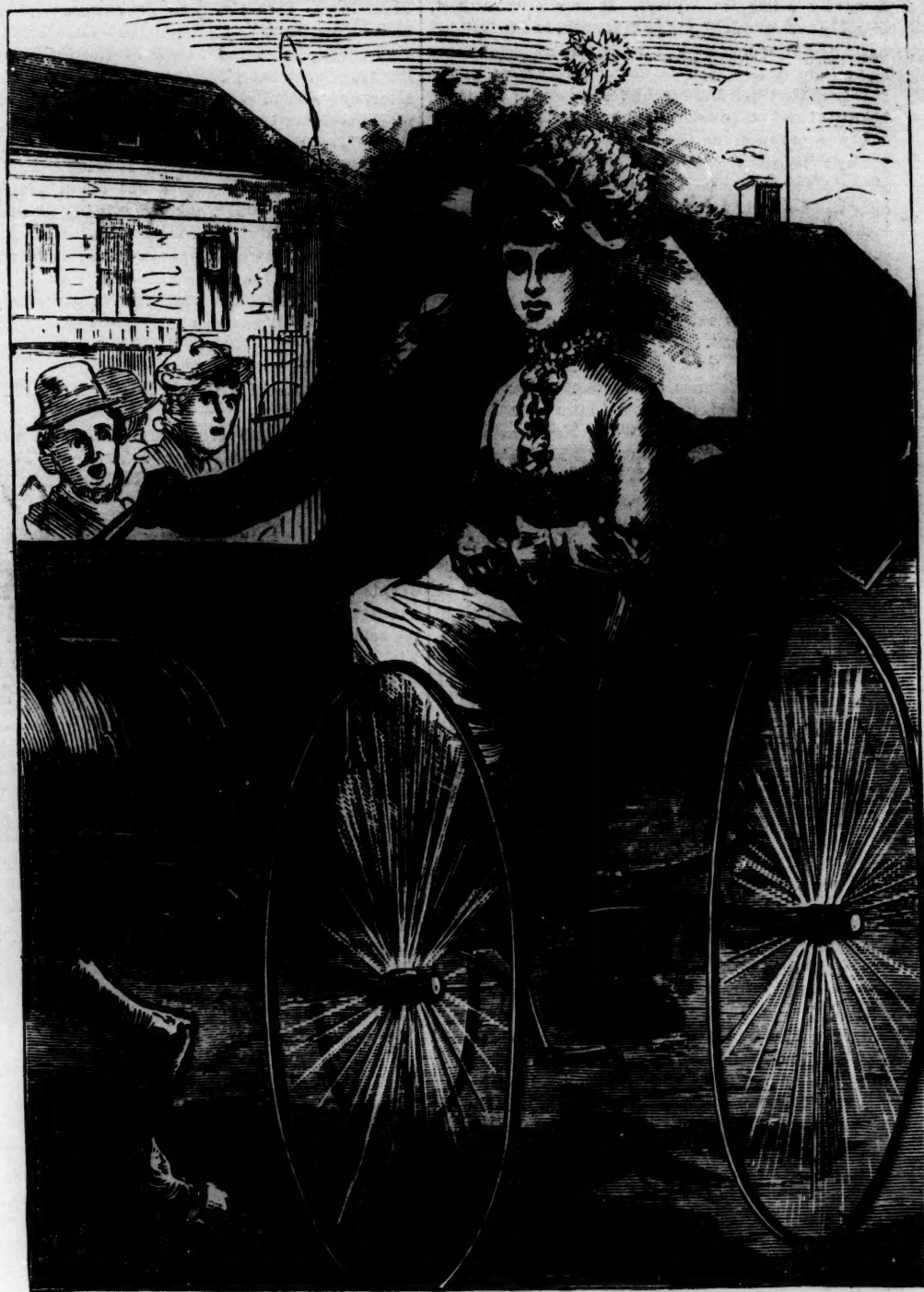
(SEE PAGE 6.)



ARRIVAL OF A NEW BATCH OF LAMBS FOR THE MORMON FOLD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—THE DEACONS, ELDERS, SAINTS, AND PROPHETS OF THE "NEW DISPENSATION" SELECTING ADDITIONS TO THEIR FAMILY; SEE PAGE 3.



A STEAMSHIP STEWARD, VERY FOND OF OSCULATORY SWEETS, OBTAINS THEM FROM THE PRETTY GIRLS OF THE STEERAGE BY FURNISHING THEM WITH THE CULINARY DAINTIES OVER WHICH HE HAS CHARGE; SEE PAGE 7.



"A GEMMAN OF CULLAH" IN HIS CAPACITY OF HOSTLER FORGETS HIS PLACE AND COMPLEXION WHILE DRIVING WITH HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER AND PUTS HIS ARM WHERE THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL NEVER INTENDED HE SHOULD; BEAVER, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.

OLD LANDMARKS.

**Buildings in Washington Which
Were the Scenes of Stirring
Events, both Tragical and
Farcical.**

REMINISCENCES OF A TRAGEDY.

**A Dashing Heart-Breaker Who
Despoiled a Home, and Bit
the Dust For it.**

THE FATE OF A MALE FLIRT.

You can judge how dull must be the political outlook and the circumstances of politics in Washington when on this quiet Sabbath—I mean Sunday—afternoon after vainly tapping at the barrels of information to be found hanging around the hotels talking political economy and predictions in the abstract, but in the concrete merely hanging around for drinks, I have found that the only things to interest me is a walk around the city looking at the history of some old houses, and after the tour of inspection sitting down and digesting the results in copy for the printers.

No city in the country has more—or more fresh—romances of history associated with its residences than has the national capital. The one especial feature—the feature most strongly marked upon its face—of Washington is that the incidents associated with it or with its surroundings seem never to grow old. There is a nationality about it that embalms its characters into perennial life, and one loses sight of years in recalling the incidents of the past—so closely are they associated with the present. I have often wished that tongues could be given to the dull, dead bricks that furnish the four walls of houses and lungs therein, in that they might speak and tell the stories of their lives; if they could but repeat the scenes enacted in and about them, all pages of fiction would wither into the nothingness incident to lack of interest.

Walking along the avenue, I turned up the street called Fifteen and one-half—or better known as Madison place. It is opposite the Treasury, and faced by Lafayette Square. It is a short street, scarcely two hundred yards in length, and is built upon by only about eight houses, all handsome mansions save one, which is now a government office. It is here that Bob Ingersoll lives, in one of the most beautiful and cultured houses in the country.

A few yards from the avenue and close to a bill-poster's board a deep sinking in the pavement attracts attention. It is the space where the tree once stood—twenty-one years ago now—about which Philip Barton Key dodged while Sickles shot him. I can remember when the stump was there—the tree decayed and was cut down—and many a relic-seeker hacked out slips with his penknife. A few years ago the pavement was relaid and the stump exhumed. Its mark is still there.

Half-way up the street is the government building, used by the subsistence department at present. It is a large, dull-looking double house of red brick; it is a house with a history. When Key was shot it was the fashionable club house of Washington. To it he was carried and within it he died. Years before it was built by a mysterious, swarthy-looking, seafaring man who, possessed of large wealth and morose temperament, lived as a semi-recluse there until one fine morning he was found in a suicide's bed—he had cut his throat. Remorse is regarded as the reason of his self-slaughter. He had been a slave trader and not a little of a pirate, and it was his blood-money that built the large mansion.

At the outbreak of the rebellion Secretary Seward rented it for his private residence and his office. It was in its second story, when lying sick that the conspirator, Powell, forced his way, on the night of the assassination of Lincoln, and cut Seward's throat, nearly brained his son Fred and broke through those who essayed to capture him and made his temporary escape. The ghost has been laid, however, by the matter-of-fact transformation of the house of blood into a government office, and the romance of the past is sat down upon the pen-drivers of the present copying papers and attired in linen dusters.

The entire square facing this scene is a handsomely wooded park—with the impossible equestrian statue of Jackson in the center. At the time of the Key tragedy the tall trees were but shrubbery, and it was easy for the Love Lane to signal his illicit love from the rooms of the club, as the Sickles residence was on Sixteenth street, opposite and about two hundred yards distant. The house was a short, square, double building, with high, winding steps leading to the entrance door. It still stands, but is greatly metamorphosed, being now loudly painted in white, with yellow finishings, and resembling in hue a cheap Chinese pagoda. It was there that Key first met the woman that caused his death and gave to the purient public the most noted scandal of the century.

The general sentiment of the people in Washington was in sympathy with Key rather than with Sickles. It was universally understood that the latter knew for months previous, the homicide of his wife's illicit

relations with his victim, and that he never hesitated to permit her to accept presents, both souvenirs and financial, from her lover. He was driven, finally, by force of circumstances, to his act.

Philip Barton Key was a remarkably handsome, dashing fellow, tall, well-knit and a most beautiful conversationalist. He was of that peculiar breed of men called and comprehended in the term: "knightly." His numerous conquests with women had half turned his soul into a sentimental spirit of conceit, and it was his boast that no woman could withstand his addresses. Like most fools of that character, he died with his boots on. Sickles had on one or two occasions half charged him with criminal conduct, but was met at each with Key's denial and polite invitations to duel it if he felt agreeable.

On the bright February Sunday morning when death trod so closely on the heels of love illicit, the morning subsequent to the dreadful night on which the unfortunate woman confessed her guilt to her husband and appended her signature to the confession, Sickles saw from his window Key waving his handkerchief toward his home as he passed on his way to the club. Determined upon blood already, this last flaunt awakened all the devil in his soul, and following down the street he overtook and fired upon the ruiner of his home. Key usually carried weapons but on this occasion was unarmed. Had he been heeled he would have had the advantage of Sickles, as the latter was dreadfully agitated and nervously shattered, missing him several times, and only getting in the fatal wound as he closed upon him dodging about the tree. Key had also evidently lost his head; had he been perfectly cool, or comparatively so, and used the tree as a barrier, Sickles, in his condition, would have exhausted every one of his pistols—he carried several—without injuring him, but in the flurry and excitement of the moment Key essayed to strike him with a pair of opera glasses, his only missile, and was shot down.

At the time of course the general sympathy was with Sickles. But his subsequent action in living again with his wife, and the ultimate discovery of the genuine inwardness of the entire affair changed the public mind.

Sickles' daughter was at the time a child, and never knew or learned of her mother's disgrace until a few years ago. So stricken was she by the intelligence that she entered a convent in Spain or France, where she is now living a nun. Key's only son studied law for a time, with his uncle, Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, but went on the stage two or three seasons ago, making a very indifferent actor until he struck in with Smith on the "Tourists," which troupe he assisted to combine and with which he now plays as part manager under the name of James Barton.

Several squares above the scene of the tragedy was the residence in those days of the better class of negroes—the freed people. It is still quite a colored colony, and close to the beautiful Catholic church for negroes—one of the handsomest edifices and having the best choir in Washington—still stands a modest two-story brick house; it is untenanted. There it was that Key and his beautiful paramour held their daily trystings. At that time rents were very cheap, but the owner of the establishment knowing for what purpose the handsome district-attorney wished his little building charged him most exorbitantly. He was paid to the figure, however. The reason that Key selected this neighborhood for his liaisons is patent. It being entirely in a negro precinct and the blacks not being admissible as witnesses in court, he was safe in case of an exposure or suit. But there is a retribution that overtakes all such as he, sooner or later in the end, and he was no exception to the rule laid down and developed by Providence and its laws governing men and society.—*Washington Correspondence Pittsburgh Leader.*

LAURA MEAD'S ELOPEMENT.

**Crossing Stormy Newburgh Bay in a Skiff
at Night With her Lover—A Lively
Wind-up to a Bridal Tour—All's Well
That Ends Well.**

MONTGOMERY, Orange County, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Laura, daughter of Walter Mead, a well-to-do resident of this village, is not far from 18 years of age. She is handsome and accomplished. While she was attending school lately she fell in love with Charles A. Godwin, of Jersey City, who visited Montgomery occasionally as traveling salesman for the hosiery firm of Thorne & Carroll, New York. He became greatly attached to her, and many secret meetings were had.

Miss Laura at times exchanged clothing with her schoolmates. Thus disguised, she passed her most intimate acquaintances in the street in his company without being recognized. The couple opened a secret correspondence with each other. They were found out at last, however, and a strict watch was kept on them to frustrate any attempt to elope which they might make. At last, braving the worst, Mr. Godwin called upon Miss Laura's parents and besought their approval of his suit. They were obdurate. They would not listen to his arguments and appeals. Finally he informed them that if they would not give their consent the marriage would take place without it. A closer watch than ever was now kept on the movements of the girl. But she was firmly resolved to be married. She took into her confidence a girl friend in the village, who strongly advised her not to elope, but to tease her parents to allow the marriage to take place. This she partly consented to do, but she did not keep her promise. Under the pretence of going to Newburgh on a shopping excursion, she visited that city and was there met by her lover. He coaxed her hard to have the marriage ceremony performed there and then, and finally she consented. The fact that she was under age proved a bar to the performance of the wedding ceremony at Newburgh. Then Godwin persuaded Miss Laura to take a trip to Jersey City.

In Jersey City the afternoon was taken up in finding a minister to marry them. After a long search

the Rev. William Westerfield, Jr., was persuaded that all was right, and the knot was tied. So much time was consumed in this way that the last train on the Hudson River Railroad, which stopped opposite Newburgh, had gone. The girl could not bear to have what had taken place revealed, and her anxiety to get back to Newburgh, where a wagon was waiting to bring her home to this village, was intense. Her confidential friend's brother was in the wagon. All they could do, however, was to take the last train north. This did not stop at Fishkill, opposite Newburgh. They were carried on to Poughkeepsie, where a train was found to bring them back to Fishkill. They reached Fishkill at about 1 o'clock in the morning, only to find the ferryboat which plies between that place and Newburgh laid up for the night. The only way to get over to Newburgh was to hustle out a boatman and hire him to row them over. This they did. The night was dark and stormy, and they narrowly escaped being swamped in Newburgh Bay by a passing tow. On arriving at Newburgh they found the horses had gone. The bride became alarmed at the terrible darkness and the almost incessant flashes of lightning, and she was finally persuaded to give up her determination to return home that night. The next morning they arose early, and before the day was far spent the girl found herself again under the roof of her parents, a married woman. The secret was kept for a couple of months, the young lady having given some satisfactory excuse for her absence from home on the night referred to. A few days ago, however, she broke the news to an aunt, whose intercession she urgently sought. The aunt was successful in reconciling the parents to the match.

Mrs. Godwin has left the village for her new home in Jersey City, a hearty send-off having been given her by her numerous friends here.

DESPERADO RANDE.

**The Outlaw Who Murdered a St. Louis
Policeman and Killed Six Other Persons—What a Brother Told a Reporter
Several Months Ago.**

Frank Rande, the notorious outlaw and desperado, who was confined in the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary for life, was shot a few days since and killed by one of the guards while he was trying to effect his escape. This man whose hands were stained with the blood of many murders, formerly resided in Fairfield, Iowa, and from the time he left his Iowa home his career has been a checkered one.

Some months ago a brother of Rande, who resided in Fairplay, Wis., got into a squabble with several of the hard cases of that burg and gave them a severe thrashing. A few days after the item appeared in the Dubuque, Ia., *Times*. A reporter was favored with a visit from Rande, who came to say that he had been forced into the fight by several of the bullies, who always made it a point to try the sand of all new arrivals. He did not appear to be very excited, and after he had stated his case a pleasant and interesting conversation ensued in regard to his brother, who was serving out a life sentence in Joliet.

"He was a good boy, Frank was," remarked Rande "but his wife is to blame for his reckless career. She was a perfect man tormentor, and every day of his married life Frank was abused. To secure peace he left home and drifted down through Texas, where he fell among the hardest of criminals and commenced his bloody record. We boys are all lucky fellows and I am a perfect picture of Frank, and I might also say that I would fight until I dropped dead to resent an insult. We often heard of the murders he had committed, but what could we do? I remember when I was home he wrote a letter to father saying he was followed by detectives a day and night, and he should not feel surprised to learn at any time that he had sent another man to bite the dust. I tell you he did not care for his life as much I do for a dollar. He knew the world despised him, and would give a shout of joy to see his life blood spilled."

"Were you present at the trial at Galesburg?" remarked the reporter.

"Was I? Well, I should say we were all there, determined to see fair play. My father on the way to Galesburg took us to one side and gave us orders not to say one word about Frank, but to keep our mouths closed. The papers, you remember, were filled with articles saying Frank Rande would be hung by a mob, should the Judge not find him guilty. Now, we feared that would be the case, so we came prepared to see it out. If the Judge had said Rande shall hang, he would have hung, and that execution would have been witnessed by us. But did he say 'Prison for life,' then he should go to prison, and was to be the man who touched one hair of his head. Now, my father and brothers did not intend to save him from the hands of the lynchers unaided, but we had his friends from all parts of the country at his side, who were laying low and waiting for the time to arrive when their services were most needed. I don't believe five hundred men could have taken him, and if they did it would have cost them a number of lives. I believed he killed the men at Galesburg, but it was done in self-defense, and I do not think they could have found him guilty of murder on that charge." Rande at that time also entertained an idea that his brother would be pardoned in a few years, and he would then be a free man, as it would be impossible to hold him on any other charge, as he was serving a life sentence. As he left he said: "Now fix that up all right, as I don't want my folks in Fairfield to know that I was in a fight."

THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

**How She Was Dosed, Ruined and Be-
came a Mother—Something of a Con-
undrum at Hanover, Ohio.**

NEWARK, O., September 15.—An article appeared in the *Enquirer* some four or five weeks ago, relating

that in the town of Hanover, a neighboring village, a young lady was in an interesting condition, and that it was generally believed that the pa of the expected would turn out to be its grandpa.

Your correspondent was accosted while on his tour of inspection yesterday by a venerable-looking gentleman, who seemed to have something on his mind that he wanted to rid himself of, when the following conversation took place. The old gentleman commenced by saying:

"Do you write for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*?"
Correspondent—"Sometimes." "Why the question?"

"They tell me in Hanover that an article was in the paper eight or ten days ago sayin' that a girl down there was goin' to have a baby, and that it's father would be its grand-father, and there isn't a word of truth in it."

"Did the article name the parties?"
"No, it didn't; but it was meant for me."

"Do you live in Hanover? Have you a daughter? And is she virtuous and happy?"
"I have a daughter, and a nicer girl never lived."

"She has no baby, then? Nothing of the sort?"
"Yes, I must admit she has recently given birth to a child, but is as virtuous as any woman can be nevertheless."

"She is married, then?"
"No, she isn't married."

"Ahem! How do you account for the increase of population? Does the girl name her destroyer?"
"No, she doesn't, because she don't know who he is, and probably never will know."

"Go on; don't stop. Tell us all."

"Well, sir, I can account for it. While she was asleep in her own room in my house, some scoundrel—who he is I don't know—must have entered her room, dosed her with chloroform and ruined her. These are about the facts in the case."

"Do you think she was dosed more than once?"
"Yes, the villain must have committed the offense not less than three or four times."

"Did the girl sleep in a room easy of access? Was she isolated, all alone by herself? Removed, as it were, beyond your fatherly protection?"

"No, sir; she was never alone at night. Her mother always slept with her."

"Then, Venerable, how do you account for the sad affair? Do you think it possible that the mother could slumber all through three or four horrible acts of the villain and not once be awakened from her slumbers?"
"I'll tell you what I think about it. I believe the old woman was dosed with chloroform too."

Exit Venerable.—*Un. Enquirer.*

A WITCH SENT TO PRISON.

**The Story of the Cunning Mrs. Gabor
and the Unsuspecting Pork Butcher—
A Prophecy Which Resulted Badly for
the Prophetess.**

The criminal tribunal of Czernowitz, an important town of the Bukovina, has recently been engaged in trying an elderly woman named Irene Gabor for laying unlawful and magical spells upon a pork butcher and his wife, resident in that city. It appears that about ten weeks ago this pretended sorceress succeeded, by performing a few ingenious slight-of-hand tricks, in persuading the butcher's wife that she was gifted with supernatural powers, and that her dupe induced to consult Irene with respect to his mundane and eternal future.

On being by him tremendously solicited to foretell coming events, she proceeded to business by gyrating around him until he felt giddy, and then filling a bowl with water, dropped into it a ball of wax about as large as a walnut, over which she muttered some words of an unintelligible jargon. Presently, to the worthy butcher's amazement and terror, the floating lump of wax developed into a scarlet flower, one half of which, Irene informed him, represented his familiar demon, while the other moiety was allotted by destiny to his guardian angel.

With this phenomenon the first part of her performance terminated. Still greater surprises, however, were in store for the spell-bound butcher. Filling a second bowl to the brim, Irene numbed another charm over its contents, when lo! the water suddenly turned blood-red. Of this ill-favored liquor the butcher and his wife shudderingly took a sip, at Mrs. Gabor's pressing instance, after which she covered up the bowl with a piece of muslin. Through this diaphanous substance, upon which she exhorted them to fix their gaze, her victims presently perceived a black pigeon rising out of the crimson brew and flutter its sable wings. She commanded them to cross themselves and blow upon the ominous fowl. No sooner had they fulfilled her behest than the pigeon flew away and vanished. Then she compelled them by awful threats, to kneel down, and, striking their foreheads against the floor, to pronounce a solemn oath that they would never reveal to any body the price she proposed to exact for her enchantments.

Having thus bound them to eternal secrecy, she took her pick of the butcher's shop, selecting the following prosaic objects as her fee: Jar of lard, seven couple of large sausages, two hams, a string of small sausages, a pair of boots, several cakes of soap, and nine florins out of the till. Having tied up these articles up in her shawl, she turned upon the butcher and all but petrified him with the prophecy that he would tumble down dead that day two months. In fear and trembling he awaited the date fixed for his dissolution, but having survived it without the least physical inconvenience he denounced Irene Gabor to the Czernowitz police, by whom she was promptly arrested and consigned to durance vile. She was subsequently condemned to a long term of imprisonment with hard labor. This redoubtable witch will enjoy but scant opportunities of bartering her spells and incantations against sausages and lard for some years to come.—*London Telegraph.*

"STILL A-BILING."

The Cauldron of Sin, and
Many There are Who
Tumble Therein.

A MOTHER'S CRIME.

Another Parson Leaves the Ranks
of the Righteous, and Earns
Promotion as a Valiant
Sinner.

A SENSATIONAL COURT SCENE.

A Father Goes Hunting For as
Big a Scoundrel as Him-
self, and gets into
Trouble.

A COMICAL ELOPEMENT.

A Husband Who Was Willing to
Forgive and Forget, and a
Wife Who Wasn't.

MRS. ATHEY'S CONFESSION.

CHILD MURDER AND SUICIDE.

On September 5th the body of a male child was found in an outhouse at Hiseville, N. J., with a string around its neck. A domestic named Johanna Walling, suspected of being the mother of the child and of having murdered it, suddenly disappeared. Her body was found on the 18th inst., in a pond, where she had committed suicide.

A BAD WIFE AND A BAD MINISTER.

The Rev. M. H. Wilson, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of Parsons, Kan., has been expelled, owing to suspicious circumstances with a certain woman, who, it is said, left her husband and three children in Philadelphia and came here to be with her lover. Rev. Wilson was a great favorite among the sisters, and great indignation is felt among the brothers.

INTERVIEW WITH A MURDERESS.

A Canton woman has interviewed Mrs. Athey, the Canal Dover, O., murderess. She describes her as a handsome little woman with a faultlessly shaped hand. Some one gave the prisoner's seventeen-months-old baby a flower, over which it prattled joyously, when the mother clasped it passionately to her bosom. Mrs. Athey loves her husband and child to distraction, and states that it was jealousy which led her to commit the murder. Said she, "It seems hard for me to die and leave my husband and child, and I so young, too."

A BIG SCANDAL.

CLINTON, Ill., September 20.—The town of DeWitt, twelve miles east of Lincoln, is now worked up over a big scandal case wherein a young lady of good standing sues one of the richest farmer's sons in that neighborhood on a charge of bastardy, as she alleges. The young man loudly denounces the charge, and affirms that it is a blackmailing scheme to get money out of him. There will be fun before the matter is settled, as the young man has promised that it will be taken through every court in the state. The people are agog over the matter, and many tongues are kept lively ventilating the parties to the suit.

A POLICEMAN GETS SQUARE.

Policeman Enoch Perry, of Jersey City, early on the morning of the 20th ult., saw Louis Shaughnessy sitting on a stoop, apparently asleep, with his feet on the sidewalk. He rapped, arousing Shaughnessy, who walked up behind Perry and asked, with an oath, who he was. "I want you to move on," said the officer. "You can't make me move on," rejoined Shaughnessy. At the same time he snatched Perry's club from his hand and began striking him with it. The policeman drew his revolver and, after vainly warning Shaughnessy to desist, fired once into the air. After being struck again he fired a second shot, killing the man instantly. Shaughnessy was an ex-convict.

A LIVELY COUNTY.

The county of Crawford, in Illinois, has had more rapes committed within her borders within a very few months than at any time in the history of any single county in the country. The county has one man now serving a term in the penitentiary for that

crime, and another is in the county jail, indicted for the outrage of a beautiful young girl a year ago. Last week the grand jury of the county indicted Heber Alexander for outraging his ten-year-old sister-in-law about two months ago. Still another horrible story comes from that county. Last Monday Isaac Kent, of Hebron, Crawford county, was arrested, charged with having violated the person of Miss Higgins, a bright and worthy young lady living in the same neighborhood. He was started in the direction of the county jail, but before he could be put in a safe place, he made his escape from the officers, and is now at large.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

DETROIT, Sept. 20.—Henry Lindley, a hired man in the employ of Mr. Andrew Tiffany, a farmer who lives about two miles west of Janesville, Mich., shot his employer's daughter, Alice, on Sunday, killing her instantly. Lindley then blew his own brains out, falling with the weapon under him. The only cause known to which the crime can be attributed, is unrequited love. The murdered girl was eighteen years old. She and Lindley were alone in the house at the time of the tragedy, the parents being in a neighboring county visiting the grave of a dead daughter. On their return home they found Alice and Lindley both dead. Alice had refused to marry Lindley, who had worked for her father three years. She, it is said, was already married to a man who is now in the State prison, and when Lindley shot her she was in her own room, up-stairs, engaged in writing to her husband. After shooting her it seems Lindley walked down stairs and ended his own life.

A SINGULAR CASE.

One of the most singular cases in the abortion line has just come to light in Sharon, Pa. The story is floating around in that neighborhood, and a correspondent, after much trouble, obtained the following from a physician in that city: A short time since, a prominent business man, who is also a prominent member of the Methodist church, came to this doctor and asked him to perform an abortion upon his daughter. The physician refused to undertake the matter, saying that he had had some trouble in that line years before, and had been expelled from church on that account, and that nothing could persuade him to do as the merchant desired. The lady has been confined to her room for two months, and other physicians are attending her. The matter will be thoroughly sifted, and if the suspicions which the physician has formed are substantiated arrests will follow. All the parties concerned in the above are among the first families in the city, and great excitement prevails.

A SENSATIONAL COURT SCENE.

Before Squire Brown, at Massillon, O., was tried a spicy assault and battery case, in which two women, residents of the town, were the opposing parties. The opposing counsel were William McMillan, for the plaintiff, and Captain Isaac Ulman, for the defendant. The case had been disposed of and the lawyers were engaged in conversation, when McMillan called Ulman a liar. When the lie was given Ulman, who, like McMillan, is a stout six-footer, backed toward McMillan, kicking at him like a cow. McMillan reached over, caught Ulman, threw him over a chair, breaking it, and the combatants fell together on the floor, McMillan on top. While the struggle was in progress Mrs. Brown, the defendant in the case, was upset and fainted, and her husband expressed a desire to wallop all the lawyers. While the combatants were mopping up the floor with each other, the justice commanded the peace in the name of the state of Ohio. Ulman's pants were badly torn, and although no gore was spilt, it was decidedly the richest scene ever witnessed in a Stark county court of justice.

A HORRIBLE CHAPTER OF CRIME.

HILLSBORO, O., September 19.—Highland county comes to the front again, this time with a more horrible chapter of crime than ever before blackened her fame—two cases, whose details make our citizens shiver with horror and disgust, and puts to blush all other crimes in the history of the county. The first case is that of John J. Smith, a man fifty years old, who is charged with ravishing a little eleven-year-old child named Lizzie Ellison. These parties live in Union township, about six miles north-west of this place. Smith was arrested by Officer Stevenson of this city, and brought here. His preliminary examination was set for the following morning, but was continued on application of the defendant until next Monday morning. Smith was released on \$500 bail. The defendant is very respectably connected, and his family must feel keenly this disgrace. A brother who is principal of the high school of this city became the bondsman for him. The next case is that of Oscar Wills, of Paint township. Wills is charged with intent to commit rape upon Anna Carothers, a child but nine years old. On the preliminary examination of Wills he was bound over for his appearance before the grand jury. Bail was fixed at the paltry sum of \$100, but that amount he was even unable to give, and was committed to jail.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The inhabitants of Fall River, Mass., were treated to a little bit of scandal on Saturday last. It appears that a weaver named Walley has been boarding in the family of another weaver named Mason. Mason and his wife have lived happily together and have four charming children. While Walley has been boarding there, he has succeeded in commanding the affections of his boarding mistress, which affection has ripened into mutual attachment. On Friday of last week when Mason came home from his hard day's toil, he found his home deserted and his wife and two children gone, he knew not where. Upon inquiry, he found she had left some hours before, and gone in the direction of Providence. Before he got his supper, he and a brother started in pursuit, carrying with them a lantern, so that if the runaways were hiding in the hedgerows on the Warren road they would be able to see them. They got to Warren without seeing the objects of their search, but were told that the wife and her paramour had put up at a certain hotel

for the night. To the hotel they went and awoke the landlord, and in doing thus, they attracted the attention of a constable. When they entered the house they found their prize passing as man and wife. The husband prevailed on the wife to go back home with him, but she would not only on condition that the boarder did also. Mason had to pay the constable \$2.50 to let Walley free, and he also gave Walley \$5 to take himself off. Mason returned with his wife, but Walley following them and wanted to be reinstated as boarder, a circumstance which Mason could not swallow, he at once packed up his traps and with his wife and family removed to New Bedford.

THURSTON SENTENCED.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Sept. 18.—Thomas C. Thurston, who shot Col. D. R. Anthony, on the 26th of last May, with the intent to assassinate him, was brought before Judge Crozier this morning for sentence. Thurston having pleaded guilty last Tuesday. At the time Thurston shot at Col. Anthony he succeeded in shooting John P. Douglas in the head and Lucien Baker through the body, both of whom have recovered. The Judge, this morning, in passing sentence said he could not predicate three cases where only two had been committed, and therefore the count against Thurston for shooting Baker was withdrawn, and the prisoner sentenced to eighteen years in the Penitentiary, nine for shooting at Col. Anthony, and nine for shooting Douglas. Thurston did not seem to take the matter very much at heart nor appear much disturbed at the probability of passing the remainder of his life in prison. When the Judge after the passage of the sentence upon him asked him if he had anything to say, he simply remarked with a sneer that he presumed the Judge was severe upon him because he missed Anthony. When the Sheriff was taking him back to jail Thurston remarked that he would throw vitriol when he got out again. Thurston is now about thirty years of age, and has a rather bloody record. On the 1st of January of this year he shot and killed his business partner, W. W. Embury, but upon trial was acquitted, upon the plea of self-defence. Embury's character as a dangerous man having been pretty well established. He drank rather heavily after his acquittal and swaggered around the town, his name of having killed so noted a character as Embury procuring for him the respect of the lower criminal classes and inspiring fear in the minds of the general population. On the 26th of May he stole a pistol and tried to kill Col. Anthony, editor of the Times, his excuse being that Anthony had tried to hurt him with his paper before the people, and also that the foreman had threatened to kill him. As Col. Anthony had never made any such threats, and as Thurston's character was one that could not be traduced very well, the people of the town came near lynching Thurston when his last attempt to satisfy his thirst for gore was made, and were only prevented from doing so by the Sheriff taking him to Atchison. As Thurston could get no one to become his attorney, he concluded to plead guilty after endeavoring to get a change of venue upon an affidavit that he believed he couldn't get a fair trial here in Leavenworth county. The people of this town breathe freer now that he is safe within the walls of the Penitentiary, for he is a dangerous man in every sense of the word to have in any community.

A BARON ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The Burglar Harry Howard Proved to be a Belgian Nobleman—His Career in New York—From Wealth to Poverty, and a Felon's Death.

Seldom is there found, even in romance, as strange a history as that of a man who died two weeks ago on a Penitentiary pallet. For years living among the worst characters who infested the metropolis, and steeped in crime as deeply as any of them, it was only when the grave had closed upon him that his true identity came to light, and in a Blackwell's Island convict, was found to have sinned and suffered, a Belgian nobleman. The burglar Harry Howard, whose death was recently announced, had by that name been known to his criminal associates, but it was after he had been buried that the woman who had shared part of his changeable fortune in life revealed the secret, and her story being put into the hands of the police to be sifted the following strange story came to light:

Fifteen years ago, at the age of thirty-three, the Baron Herman de Reiffenberg left his home in Brussels, Belgium, and with a well-filled pocketbook and a good bank account behind him landed in this city. He had an agreeable face, the manners of a gentleman, plenty of money and a residence in Brussels that was spoken of as a marvel. His relatives were noble and comprised the best families of his native town. In a city like this one can readily guess with what a reception such a man was met. He was feted and paraded in the best society, and squandered his money and enjoyed his slightest fancies to their fullest extent. In this he was joined by a circle of friends who from the first formed a little court for him. He had concealed his title of baron and assumed the name of Louis de Laurie, the name of a former companion of his now dead. It was by this name he was known, and he continued to hold it until the time of his death.

At intervals remittances were received from his property and quickly disposed of by the Baron. Three years after his arrival he made the acquaintance of a Miss Annie Sweeney, and after a speedy courtship they became man and wife. With his wife the young Baron traveled all through the country, and returned to New York City again, the couple taking apartments in a hotel up-town. A year after their marriage a boy was the fruit of their union. Suddenly there was a stop in the receipt of funds. Letters and telegrams were despatched, but there was no reply nor any funds received, and De Laurie began to learn that he had reached the bottom of his resources.

Here was a dilemma. His friends and family refused to contribute any more to his extravagance

and he was finally left without a cent and in debt for his board bill. He then left the hotel and took up quieter quarters, disposing of valuables to sustain his families for the time being. The Baron was splendidly educated, speaking several languages, and he next endeavored to turn his talents to some account. An advertisement placed in one of the morning papers secured him a good position, but he had no sooner obtained this than he began habits of dissoluteness which speedily led to his discharge. From this time he steadily went downward. The few years made a terrible change in his appearance. One would not know in that wrinkled face and disordered appearance the former gay and dashing cavalier. His wife, too, had lost the beauty that characterized her early girlhood, and had fallen into the same habits as her husband. In a very short time their home was a scene of the greatest beggary; but even in their degradation they cared for the little child Louis. In this way they continued to struggle, until at last, during a protracted spree of both the father and the mother, they were all turned into the street for non-payment of rent. Their condition now could not be any lower. They had sunk to the condition of beggars and become drunkards of the lowest type.

It was while in this strait that the Baron appealed to Mr. A. de Brackeleer, president of the Belgian Relief Association, at 66 Warren street. The latter was acquainted with his early history, and had known him and his family in the old country. His sympathy was aroused, and he immediately supplied from his own pocket the necessary wants of his countryman. He also endeavored to persuade him to return home, where his relatives would take care of him; but to all his entreaties the man only replied that he would starve first. But the applications for relief became so frequent that Mr. De Brackeleer was at last compelled to refuse any further assistance. The wretched couple were then living at 38 Mulberry street, in the very centre of the Italian quarter. De Laurie became known to his Italian neighbors as a man of education and a linguist, and they kept him very busy, when not drunk, writing letters for them. He was always kind and courteous, even in his most drunken moments, and was very popular among these poor people. In this way he managed to put in two of his last years of existence, until finally a worse change came.

He formed the acquaintance of dangerous characters, and became a thief and burglar. While committing a burglary he was caught, and on the 11th of June last sentenced to 6 months in the Penitentiary. Three months after conviction he was taken sick, was consigned to the hospital, and died three days later.

A simple paragraph in a morning paper, announcing the death of a convict burglar, was the first information his wife had of his death. She was afterward summoned by Coroner Brady, who held an inquest, but even to that official she never revealed the dead man's identity. She next called upon the Belgian Consul, Mr. Mail, at 338 Broadway, and asked that the family in Belgium be made acquainted with the particulars of her husband's death and arrangements be made to disinter the remains and send them back to the old country.

A MORMON OFFSHOOT.

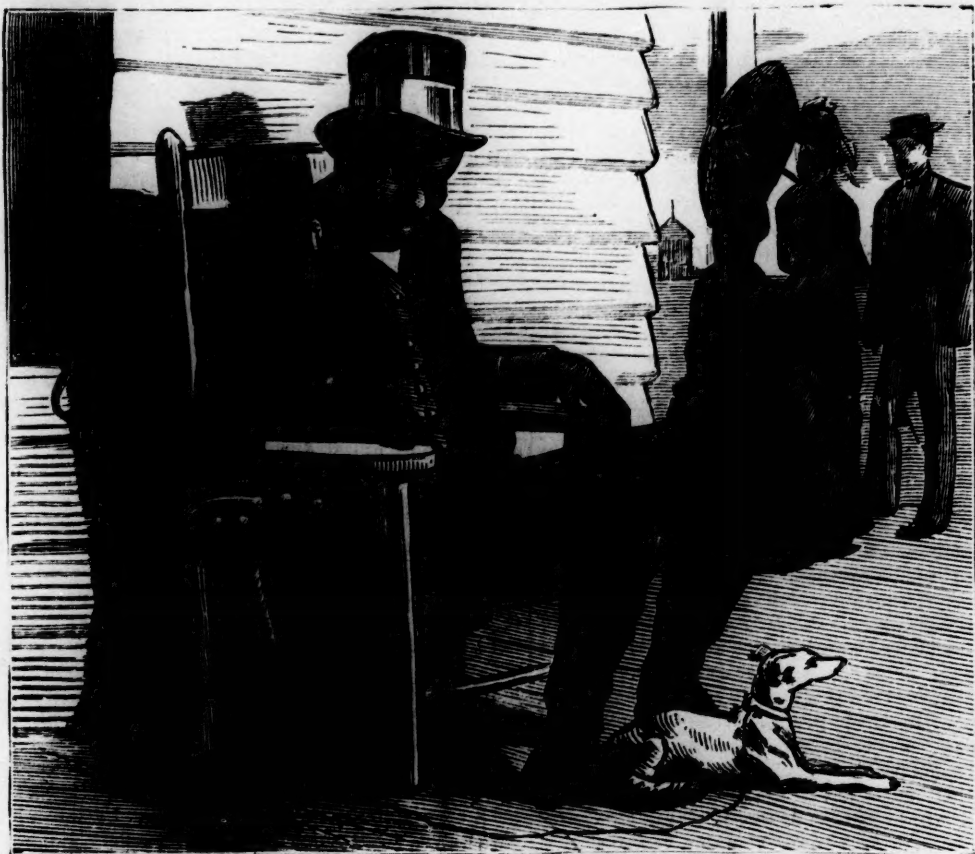
A Lecherous Prophet and His Colony in Walla-Walla Valley—Some Queer Ideas—An Apostle Who Should be Tarred and Feathered.

A singular delusion has taken hold of a number of persons in the Walla-Walla Valley, Oregon, about nine miles from the cultivated and beautiful city of that name. Whether this is merely an offshoot to Mormonism flourishing under another name, or endeavoring to gain foothold without a name, does not appear, but details of the blasphemous beliefs and practices of this handful of people, living in the center of a civilized community, indicate that they are not a whit behind the Mormons either in their ridiculous assumptions or villainous practices.

Davies, the head of this colony, is a Welshman by birth, and most of his followers are from the British Isles. He was more recently from Utah, and claims that while in the mountains he received a revelation from God, ordaining him commander-in-chief of heaven and earth. Lunatics are found in every asylum who hug this same idea, but this madman, retaining his freedom, succeeded, it is claimed, in imposing his story upon a number of ignorant persons, and the result was the formation of this colony and its emigration to Washington Territory. These dupes, having implicit faith in their oracle, will have no intercourse with those not of their own belief, and are forbidden, on pain of dire penalties, to reveal any of the workings of their church to outsiders. Davies assumes to be the only living or true apostle of God, and teaches that spirits return and take upon themselves new bodies. A son twelve years old and a daughter nine were respectfully claimed to be "Jesus Christ" and the "Great Eternal Mother of Spirits," until diphtheria interfered last spring and dealt with them as with ordinary mortals, closing out their career.

Among the asserted villainous practices of these people is that of substituting mating for legal marriage, and had not kindly death interfered this iniquitous father proposed to mate this brother and sister together. It is also claimed that Davies teaches that being endowed with the Holy Spirit he has a perfect right to visit the women of his flock in any manner in which he may choose. He has charge of the entire property of the community, while they suppose that they hold all things in common.

One of the requirements for membership in this church is that people joining give up all their worldly possessions. A few, coming to their senses when brought face to face with this great fraud, have apostasized, lost their property, and taken their satisfaction out in disclosing the hideous practices of the rulers of the colony.



A FASHIONABLE BELLE, WITH A WEAKNESS FOR CANINES, HIRES A COLORED SERVANT TO WATCH HER PET WHILE SHE GOES OUT PROMENADING; CAPE MAY.



A FAITHFUL DOG, FAILING TO GET ITS LITTLE CHARGE FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK, REMAINS BY IT, AND MEETS DEATH BRAVELY; MONTREAL, CANADA.

DYING WITH HIS CHARGE.

The Story of a Dog That Stood Guard Over a Child on a Railroad Track.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A gentleman just returned from Canada tells the following story: "A few days ago the engineer of a train running near Montreal saw a large dog on the track barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the pilot. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and the engine was brought to a stop. On going back it was discovered that not only the dog but a little child also had been killed. It was then apparent that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighboring house, followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child lay down and went to sleep on the track."

HIGH-PRICED CANINES.

A Poodle That Costs \$125 per Month—A Fancy Over Which Charitable People May Weep.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

A prominent peculiarity of the lady visitors to



A PARTY OF YOUNGSTERS HEARING THAT SAUSAGES ARE MADE OF CATS AND DOGS, START A MANUFACTORY ON THEIR OWN HOOK; OBERLIN, O.

Cape May is their apparent affection for dogs. A regular charge of \$10 per week is made for the board of those animals at the Stockton House, and the hotel is overrun with them. They are of all sizes and all degrees of ugliness. One tiny, weak-eyed bunch of hair has a negro valet, whose board at the hotel is paid by the dog's mistress, and it is fair to presume that he gets wages besides. His work is not hard, but it must be dreadfully monotonous. No matter what hour of the morning or evening one is stirring about one is sure to encounter that large colored man and that small dog—no bigger than one of its valet's shoes—the two attached by a black cord. It appears to be the duty of the negro to hold on to that cord perpetually. As I write he is sitting upon a chair on the rear piazza, fast asleep, and the dog is stretched between his feet. The cord is still in his hand—tied to it, I suppose. At \$10 per week for the dog's board and \$10 for the colored man's, and say \$20 per month as wages to the latter, that animal is costing its owner between \$100 and \$125 per month.

The Small Boy's Idea of Making Sausage.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some boys at Oberlin, O., had heard that sausage was made of cats and dogs. Getting into a sausage factory, they started a chopping machine, and threw a puppy and seven kittens into the chopper. The local Bergh society has begun a prosecution.

From a single potato planted by David Brown, of Pricetown, Pa., the product was 537 fine potatoes.



A DRUNKEN PARTY OF THEATRE-GOERS, NOT LIKING THE PERFORMANCE ON THE STAGE, START A LITTLE SHOW OF THEIR OWN IN ONE OF THE PRIVATE BOXES; SEE PAGE 3.

JOHN McMAHON,

Of Bakersfield, Vt., Champion Wrestler.

[With Portrait.]

In the sporting picture gallery of the Gazette this week we publish the picture of John McMahon, the noted wrestler. McMahon was born in Bakersfield, Vt., and resides in New York. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighs 180 pounds.

He is the son of a hardy farmer, who, in his younger days, enjoyed considerable repute as a wrestler. Indeed the family is noted for its physical virtues, as may be judged from the fact that Owen and Cox, both well known as trippers, are cousins of McMahon.

Naturally he has a dark complexion, which has been deepened by exposure, while his eyes, hair and mustache are decidedly black. He seems to be very nervous and wiry, and in his bouts expects more from rapid action than strength, though his deep chest and well-turned limbs show that he is a fellow of great endurance. He has never engaged in any other than agricultural pursuits. He says he drifted almost unconsciously into the habit of wrestling, acquiring it as a study and keeping it up as he grew to manhood.

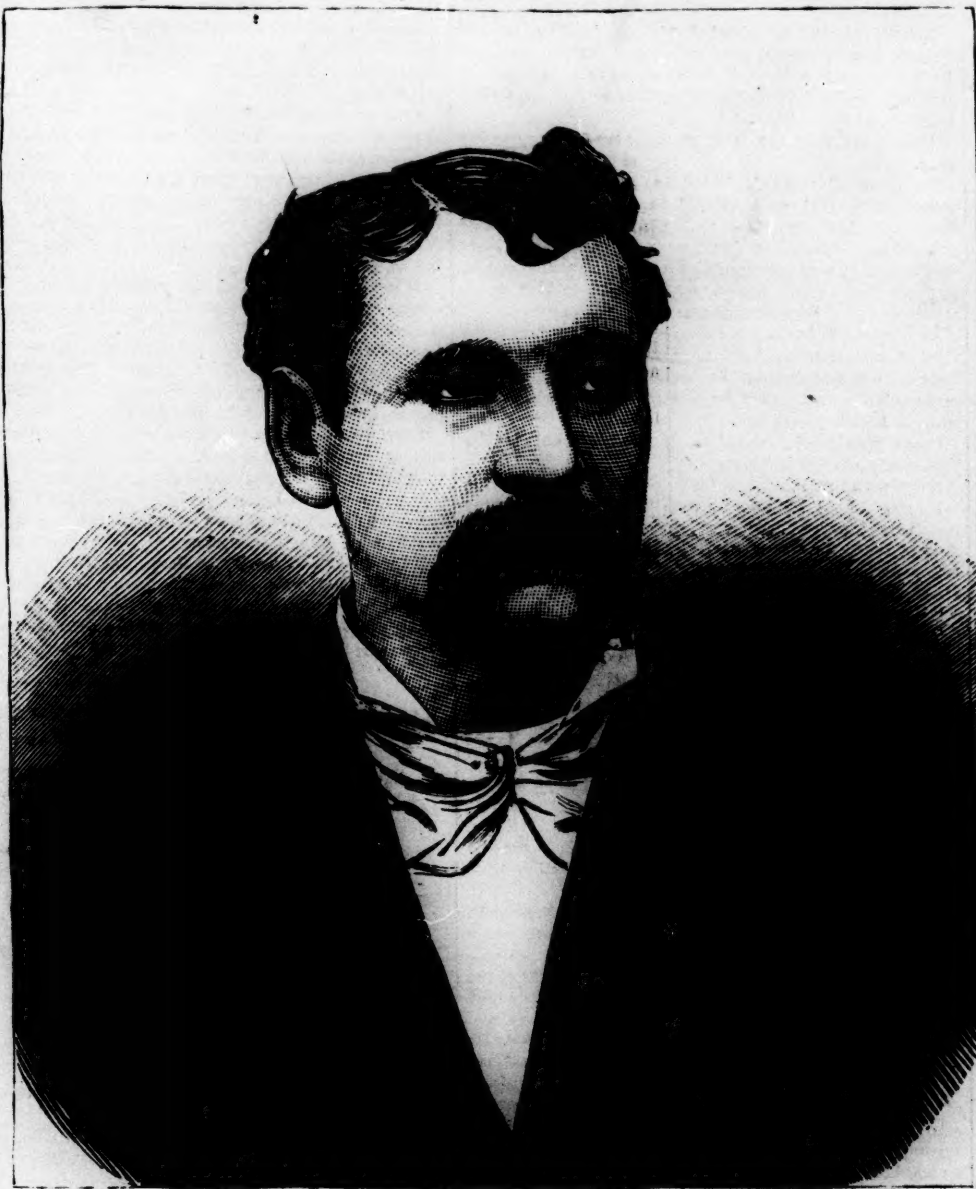
McMahon has never lost a match for money, and since he defeated Col. J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, Mich., at Chicago, he has repeatedly offered any one \$100, who would secure him a match, collar-and-elbow, for \$1,000 a side.

McMahon's last great struggle was with H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., whose picture we published in our last issue. The match was for \$1,000 and the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship of the world.

It took place at Boston, Mass., on March 17th, 1880. Four thousand people were present, as it was well known to be a *bona fide* contest.

Dufur was in splendid condition, and appeared to have more strength than McMahon, but the latter's science made up for the Marlboro giant's advantage in this respect.

The match was one of the most interesting and stubborn contests ever witnessed. McMahon tried every trick and device known in this style of wrestling, but Dufur was always equal to the emergency. The contest began at 8:30 p. m., but at 11:30 p. m., neither had gained any advantage; but McMahon threw Dufur twice, but not fair, on his back. At midnight the men had been struggling three hours and a half and neither had gained a fall. Dufur continued to wrestle on the defensive, while McMahon used all his strength, combined with his great science, but he was not able to place the New England giant on his back.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN

JOHN McMAHON, THE CHAMPION COLLAR AND ELBOW WRESTLER OF AMERICA.

would be murdered then fled, but was shortly after arrested. The girl is in a critical condition, and may not survive. Robinson's injury is not so serious.

"THE BUZZARDS WILL FIND THEM."

A Mob of One Hundred Men Introduce Judge Lynch to Seven Negro Murderers.

The county of Robertson, Ky., is in a ferment of excitement. A respectable citizen, Lee La Prade, was found murdered, and circumstances pointed strongly to seven negroes as the murderers. The negroes were arrested, and Joe Higgins, one of them who was taken to Saddleville on Sunday, confessed to the murder. A special from Guthrie says: "On the morning of Sept. 15th at 1 o'clock a masked party of fifty men were seen half a mile from Saddleville, armed with shot-guns and holding a consultation. Twenty men were seen passing here at 12 o'clock going toward Saddleville, and no doubt they will lynch the seven negroes before morning."

About midnight a mob of one hundred men came into Springfield and found six of the murderers. Four of them were taken from jail, the doors being battered down. The mob failed to reach the two others. Aroh Jamison and Jack Bell were taken by the mob and will be hanged. One Ramsey, who murdered a lady, was left dead on the jail floor, riddled with bullets. The mob left quietly. The mob broke open several blacksmith shops and got tools. Later they broke down the other doors of the jail and went into the cells, took out the other two negroes and left town with them, securely tied, riding in front of the mob. Everything was quiet. The citizens went to the jail after the mob left and found Ramsey lying on the floor, dead. None of the mob is known. They went west on the Clarksville road. Some citizens asked where they would find the prisoners. The mob remarked, "The buzzards will find them." It is said that all the negroes will be hanged together. The mob will not now have time to take them where La Prade was murdered before daylight.

A Parent's Ruse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A parent in Ithaca, N. Y., is said to have played his part in a new way a day or two ago. He forbade his daughter to meet her lover, and afterward obtained a note which she had written to the young man, making an appointment to meet him in the cemetery. He forwarded the note, and at the appointed time con-



A JEALOUS BRIDE FINDS HER HUSBAND PLAYING CROQUET WITH SOME LADY FRIENDS AND STOPS THE GAME WITH HER LITTLE PISTOL; PORTLAND, ME

On went the struggle until 2 a. m., with no result. Dufur's friends then proposed to make the contest a "draw," but McMahon insisted upon wrestling. Another two hours was spent in wrestling, and the referee, seeing there was no prospect of either gaining a fall, decided the match a draw. The match lasted over six hours, and both men were weary and tired out when it was over. Over twenty thousand dollars was wagered on the result, and Dufur was the favorite after the match began.

It is expected that these champions will meet in a sort time and decide the question of supremacy.

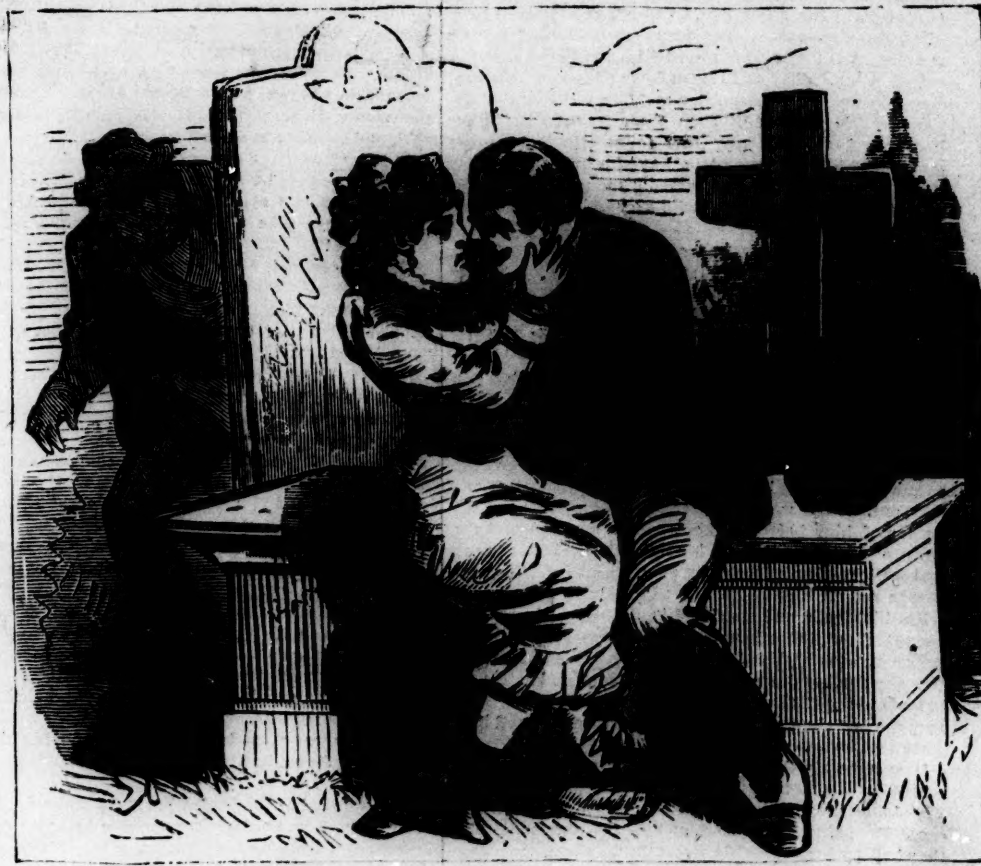
A Lover's Revenge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—At 9:15 o'clock to-night William Robinson, a printer employed by George Litman in the Exchange Building, and Maggie Daly, a prostitute, living at 493 State street, entered the room of the former, in the building where he is employed, where they were discovered by the young woman's lover, William Ayers, having a hugging match. Enraged at seeing them in company, Ayers drew a revolver and fired one shot at the couple. The bullet struck Robinson in the right arm above the elbow, and, passing through, entered the girl's left shoulder, lodging in the shoulder blade. The



AN IRATE SWAIN FINDS HIS OWN FALSE LOVE IN ANOTHER'S ARMS, AND FIXES THEM BOTH FOR A HOSPITAL; CHICAGO.



A FATHER INTERCEPTS HIS DAUGHTER'S LETTER TO HER LOVER, APPOINTING A MEETING, SENDS IT, AND TAKES PART IN THE JOY; ITHACA, N. Y.

cealed himself behind a grave-stone and heard the two plan to go west and be married. He then disclosed himself, and, ordering a carriage, took them to a minister's, where they were made man and wife.

The Game of Croquet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young couple were recently married at Portland, Me. During their honeymoon they were stopping at a house where several young lady friends resided. The husband went out into the yard to play croquet with the young ladies. While thus engaged his wife appeared, her eyes blazing with jealousy. Drawing a pistol from her pocket, she began firing. Her husband skipped out, and has not been seen since.

SOCIETY in Galesburg, Ill., is greatly agitated over the marriage of one of the town's most refined and educated young ladies to a colored man who was a servant in the family. She is highly connected, her father having been an eminent divine at the time of his death, and well-known in Episcopal circles throughout the northwest. The couple ran away in the evening and were married. They were found several miles from this city at a colored man's residence.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

Some of the Great Battles Fought in 1858—How Horrigan and Lazarus Fought a Draw and How Dan Kerrigan Downed Hen Winkle, Etc.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.
By WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Pugilism in America in 1858 was a thriving institution. Several important battles were fought between the light and heavy-weight champions of the ring. Morrissey, since the retirement of the great Tom Hyer and the untimely death of Yankee Sullivan was considered to be the champion, and he had backers ready to pit him to fight any man in the world according to the rules of the London Prize Ring.

About this time a new pugilistic star appeared as a candidate for the heavy-weight championship. The pugilist in question was the once famous John Carmel Heenan, the Benicia Boy. Heenan was born in Troy, N. Y., and he had been on a trip to the Golden Gate. He was an expert scienctific pugilist and possessed every requirement necessary to become champion pugilist of the world.

Heenan's arrival in New York created quite a stir in prize ring circles and several noted sports proposed to match him against John Morrissey.

In the meantime Heenan was a quiet observer of the prize ring matters, and his gentlemanly bearing gained him a legion of friends.

Morrissey at this time had been idle and it was necessary for him to soon create a sensation.

Heenan thought he could whip Morrissey, while "Old Smoke" thought he could make any pugilist in America knock under.

Heenan and Morrissey finally had a run in, and they agreed to fight at McComb's Dam, but the activity of the police prevented the mill.

At Newark, N. J., on January 2, 1858, Dick Ray, a colored pugilist, whipped Nelse Gordon who was just as black, in 7 rounds, lasting 45 minutes.

Louisville, Ky., furnished the next battle. It was between William Stebbins and Jack Smith. The fight lasted 45 minutes and Stebbins won in the 14th round.

In the meantime several battles were fought all over the country.

On the Queen's City race track at Cincinnati, O., on January 7, Harry Clark of London, Eng., and Jim Winfield, the "German Stag," fought for \$600.

Tom Davis and Johnny Lazarus seconded Clark, and Harry Lazarus (Johnny's brother) and Harry Moneghan who made the great battle with Barney Aaron, looked after Winfield.

The fight was a desperate one. Winfield gained first knock down in the second round, but Clark soon took the lead in the fighting. In the 49th round Clark pummeled Winfield until his face resembled a butcher's chopping block, and the "stag" fell bleeding and battered out of all semblance of humanity in the middle of the ring.

The fight lasted 1h. 17m., and Clark was declared the winner. This was the first battle ever fought at Cincinnati.

New Orleans furnished the next battle and it was a slashing one. Dan Kerrigan of the Fourth Ward, New York, and the once famous Hen Winkle, fought for \$600.

As both pugilists hailed from Gotham quite a delegation of sports journeyed to witness the mill.

Barney Aaron seconded Kerrigan and it was claimed was the means of his winning the fight. The battle was a long and desperate one. Eighty-seven rounds were fought in 1h. 32m., when Winkle was knocked into smithereens and hoisted the signals of distress. Kerrigan was declared the winner. The fight was a capital one and both had battered mugs for weeks after.

At York County, Pa., on Feb. 2, 1858, Hen Bradley (brother to Dominick Bradley) fought Jack Miller of Philadelphia, for \$100. Bradley bradded Miller after a slashing fight, during which forty rounds were fought in 61 minutes.

Following this mill there was a rattling battle at Bloody Island near St. Louis, a spot that has been the scene of many a desperate duel and prize fight. The contestants were Missouri (Henry) Fitzgerald, a dangerous, desperate character, and Jack Ahern a noted gambler.

It appears in a game of poker a dispute arose. Missouri proposed to fight with revolvers at twenty-five paces. Friends interfered, and both pugilists agreed to toss whether it should be a duel with pistols or knives, or a battle with the fists. Ahern was a scientific pugilist, and in a ring contest had a decided advantage, while Missouri had the best of either knives or pistols, for he had killed two rivals at Memphis in duels with Derringers, while he had carved another into mincemeat at Cairo.

At any rate, the pugilists tossed, and fortunately to save a tragedy, Ahern won the toss and decided that the rules of the ring should decide the matter. The fight took place on March 22, 1858. It was a slashing fight for a few rounds, when Ahern had the best of the fighting.

In the 22nd round Missouri fell from exhaustion, and the referee declared Ahern the winner. The stakeholder, Dad Ryan, of Cleveland, refused to give up the stakes, and several rough-and-tumbles and shooting scrapes followed.

Canada had the next prize fight.

Boston also finished a great mill in the spring of 1858. It was between John Woods and Tom Wilson, better known as "Slasher Tom." Six gloves were used, and the leading sporting men from Boston were present.

Woods weighed 190 pounds, and had previously whipped Billy Sherman, so that he found plenty of supporters. Wilson weighed 125 pounds, and was classed a terrific hard hitter.

Woods was seconded by Harry Funegas and Joe Smith, while an amateur and Bill Evans seconded Wilson.

Woods proved himself a hummer, for he won easily, knocking Wilson out of time in the 27th round.

Glove fights were now all the rage in Boston and New York, but we have no space to record them.

Near London, O., on April 6, 1858, Jack Godfrey and Pat Kinevan fought for \$1,000. Godfrey was a race

horse fighter, and he whipped Kinevan in fifteen rounds in 17 minutes.

After this battle St. Louis furnished quite a pugilistic sensation. It was an off-hand mill for \$500 between Patay Carroll and Jim Brown, two noted sports and pugilists. The fight came off near the new court house in the city. Dad Ryan was referee. Mike Trainor and Jack Cane seconded Brown, while Enoch Davis and Charley Holmes seconded Carroll.

The fight was a desperate one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't fail to read the battles of the American Prize Ring and the thrilling adventures of The Allen in the Gazette published every week.

OWNEY GEORGHEGAN's sporting saloon and amusement garden in the Bowery, near Grand street, presents numerous sporting attractions. Soules and Egan, the great Vermont champion wrestlers, struggle nightly for the supremacy; while Lane and Crutchley, the English pugilists, also appear in full ring costume.

At the great rifle shooting tournament at Creedmoor, L. I., the Inter-State Military Match for the Hilton Trophy, was won by the team of the Division of the Missouri. Score, 1,280. Division of the Atlantic scored 1,014; Division of the Pacific, 1,004; State of New Jersey, 972; State of Connecticut, 959; State of Pennsylvania, 954.

CHECKMATE, owned by J. T. Williams, of Kentucky, is a great race horse. He recently ran a mile and five furlongs with 111 lbs. up, beating Monitor, Uncas, Glenmore and One Dime, in 2:50. The best time on record is 2:49, and that was made by Ten Broeck when three years old, with 90 lbs. up, at Lexington, Ky., Sept. 10, 1875.

THE international single-scutt boat race between Edward Trickett and Edward Hanlan will take place on Nov. 15. The race will be rowed over the Thames Championship Course, from Putney to Mortlake. The stakes are £200 a side and The Sportsman champion challenge cup, now held by Hanlan. Trickett claims to hold the championship of the world, and has never been beaten in a single scull match race. He has made wonderful time on the Paramatta River in Australia, and he appears confident he can defeat Hanlan.

THE great four-mile heat race for \$5,000 was run on the Coney Island Race Course on Sept. 18. George Lorillard's Ferida won, running the first heat in 7m. 23 3/4, making the fastest time on record, and the second heat in 7m. 41s. Irish King was second in the first, and Glenmore second in the second heat. Ferida's performance was wonderful.

A REMARKABLE trotting match took place recently at Charlotte, Mich. It was a race for the 3:15 class, purse, \$30. There were nineteen starters. The race was decided in six heats, the best time made being 2:35. Ten of the nineteen lived out the six heats; five trotted five heats; one four heats; two three heats, and one distanced in the second heat.

THE three-mile single-scutt boat race between James Riley, of Saratoga, and Charles Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., is to be rowed on Owasco Lake, N. Y., on Oct. 5. If Courtney rows, which is very doubtful, the race will be an interesting one. Riley's best time for three miles is 20m. 24s.; Courtney's, 20m. 14 3/4. The latter is the fastest time on record.

THE Inter-State Military Rifle Match for the bronze "Soldier of Marathon," teams of twelve men, firing each ten shots, at 200 and 500 yards, making a possible team total of 1,200, was the most interesting of the Creedmoor meeting. The trophy was won by New Jersey. The scores were: New Jersey, 969; Connecticut, 933; New York, 932; Pennsylvania, 897.

PAROLE is to run in the Pimlico stakes, two miles and a furlong, at Baltimore. He will have to meet Monitor, Ferida, Fonso, Irish King, Gold Bug, Long Taw, Uncas, Glenmore, Blarney, Telemachus and Checkmate. If Parole is what he once was, it will be a grand race between him and Checkmate and Long Taw, and the horse that beats Checkmate and Long Taw, will win.

ONE of the turf events of the season was the four-mile heat race for \$5,000 which was run at the Coney Island Jockey Club Course on Sept. 18. Three horses started—Irish King, Glenmore and Ferida. Glenmore was the favorite. Ferida won the race in two straight heats. The first heat was run in the unprecedented time of 7:23 3/4, which is the fastest time on record, and the second heat in 7:41.

At Chicago, Ill., on September 18th, Vanderbilt's Maud S. trotted a full mile in the unprecedented time of 2:10 3/4. The first quarter was made in 0:34, and the half mile in 1:44, the three-quarters in 1:36, the last quarter in 34 3/4. This unparalleled feat places Maud S. at the head of the trotting turf, as the time made is half a second better than the mile trotted by St. Julien at Hartford on the 27th of July. Maud S. carried two pounds over weight, and her remarkable work was done in the face of a strong wind. Now when shall we hear from St. Julien, whose 2:11 1/4 is thus disposed of?

A manufacturing company of Rochester, N. Y., have finally decided to give \$1,000 in prizes for an international sculling regatta, to be held on the Thames on November 22. First prize, \$500; second, \$300; third, \$140; fourth, \$80. Should the proposed regatta be carried out, it will surpass not only in interest the Hanlan-Trickett race, but will dwarf anything of the kind ever known among professional scullers. A match of single sculls between Hanlan, Rose, Smith, Trickett, Courtney, Riley, Boyd and Elliott, would be really international, and would bring together such a collection of oarsmen as never before was seen.

THE following challenge explains itself:

GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL, Sept. 20, 1880.
TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: I write to ask you to publish the following challenge in your next issue. I will fight any colored light-weight in America, with hard gloves, fight to be governed under the rules of the London prize ring, for any amount from \$100 to \$500. I am ready with my money, or at least my backers are, and can be communicated with at Weldon, N. C.

GEORGE W. JENNINGS.

If there is anything wrong about this letter please let me know that I may correct it. You can publish my weight at 141 pounds when in condition. G. W. J.

CORTIS, the sensational bicycle rider of England, recently attempted to ride 20 miles in 60 minutes. He beat all the records from 10 to 18 miles when Liles and Griffiths, who were riding with him, fell. Cortis rode on top of them and fell also. The bicyclists were taken into the dressing-room, and fortunately Dr. Gibb was present, when he found that Griffiths, besides being cut on the arm and right leg, had broken a small bone on the left leg, just above the ankle. After having it put in splints, he was carried to a cab, and conveyed home. Cortis had an ugly gash on the hip, and his arms and legs were cut and bruised, whilst Liles' proboscis was cut and put out of shape, his arms and legs also being very much scored.

The following is the fastest time on record Cortis made during the race: 11 miles in 33m. 17s., 12 miles in 36m. 14 3/4s., 13 miles in 39m. 10 3/4s., 14 miles in 42m. 14s., 15 miles in 45m. 8 3/4s., 16 miles in 48m. 8 3/4s., 17 miles in 51m. 0 3/4s., 18 miles in 53m. 57s.

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(SEE PAGE 7.)